THE

OLD MANOR HOUSE.

A

NOVEL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

VOL. III.

War is a game, which, were their ſubjects wiſe,
Kings ſhould not play at. Nations would do well
T'extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whoſe infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with miſchief, and who ſpoil,
Becauſe men ſuffer it, their toy the world.

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MDCCXCIII.

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CHAP. I.

ORLANDO could not, though he attempted it, conceal the anguiſh of his heart during the day: for though he had arranged with his new confident the means of ſeeing Monimia, it was far from certain theſe plans would ſucceed; or, could he be content with the means which he had uſed, however deſirable the end, Monimia, who while ſhe yielded to his earneſt entreaties had always felt, from the natural rectitude of her underſtanding, the impropriety of their clandeſtine correſpondence, would, he feared, be

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more than ever ſenſible of her indiſcretion, when ſhe found that a ſervant was entruſted with it—and on thinking over what had paſſed between him and the under keeper, he found more reaſon to entertain a good opinion of his acuteneſs than of his integrity.—When to theſe reflections were added the certainty of his immediate departure, and the uncertainty of his return; the mournful looks of his mother, who could not behold him without tears; the deep, but more ſilent ſorrow marked on the countenance of his father, and the penſive expreſſion of regret on thoſe of his ſiſters; he could with difficulty go through the forms of a melancholy dinner, at which the General in vain attempted to call off the attention of his hoſts to topics of common converſation, and to divert them from private miſery by thoſe public topics which then intereſted none of them. The expulſion of the Americans from the province of Canada, which had happened the preceding Auguſt; and the victory gained by the

the Britiſh fleet near Crown Point againſt a ſmall number of their gondolas and galleys, in the courſe of the following October, ſucceſſes of which exaggerated official accounts were juſt received, were ſubjects whereon the General triumphantly deſcanted, and on which he obtained more attention from his audience, becauſe he aſſerted very poſitively that, in conſequence of theſe amazing advantages, the whole continent of America would ſubmit, and the troops of courſe return as ſoon as they had chaſtiſed the inſolent coloniſts ſufficiently for their rebellion.—Orlando then, he aſſured his family, was not at all likely to join his regiment, which would almoſt immediately be ordered home; but would be the ſafe ſoldier of peace, and perhaps return to them in a few weeks, no otherwiſe altered than by his military air and a cockade. The only ſmile that was ſeen the whole day on the faces of any of the family was viſible on that of Mrs. Somerive, on the General's deſcription of an Ameri-

can ſlight, though none had a more tender heart or a more liberal mind: but having heard only one ſide of the queſtion, and having no time or inclination to inveſtigate political matters, ſhe now believed that the Americans were a ſet of rebellious exiles, who refuſed on falſe pretences "the tribute to Cæſar," which ſhe had been taught by ſcriptural authority ought to be paid. Thus conſidering them, ſhe rejoiced in their defeat, and was inſenſible of their miſery; though, had not the new profeſſion of Orlando called forth her fears for him, ſhe would probably never have thought upon the ſubject at all—a ſubject with which, at that time, men not in parliament and their families ſuppoſed they had nothing to do. They ſaw not the impoſſibility of enforcing in another country the very impoſts to which, unrepreſented, they would not themſelves have ſubmitted. Elate with national pride, they had learned by the ſucceſſes of the preceding war to look with contempt on the inhabitants

habitants of every other part of the globe; and even on their coloniſts, men of their own country—little imagining that from their ſpirited reſiſtance

" The child would rue that was unborn
" The *taxing* of that day."

At length the hour arrived when Orlando obtained permiſſion to return tothe Hall: he told his father, that as he meant to take leave of Mrs. Rayland that night, in order to paſs the greater part of Sunday with his family, it was neceſſary for him to pay her this laſt compliment. Mr. Somerive acceded to the neceſſity he urged; but, at parting from him, fixed his eyes on thoſe of his ſon, with a look which expreſſed ſolicitude, ſorrow, and pity. It queſtioned his ſincerity, and yet ſeemed not to reproach him. Orlando could not bear it: he hurried away, and rode as ſpeedily as he could to the Hall; where he ſent up for leave to wait on Mrs. Rayland to tea, and then went in ſearch of Jacob, who eaſily found a pretence for attending

him in his Study. Orlando with a palpitating heart queſtioned him: "Have you," cried he, "diſcovered any means by which I can obtain acceſs to Monimia, or get her down ſtairs, without the knowledge of Mrs. Lennard?"

"Faith, Sir," anſwered the man, "'tis no eaſy taſk as your honour have ſet me, I can tell you—However, I've contrived to ſpeak to Miſs—"

"Have you?" cried Orlando eagerly: "there's an excellent fellow. And what does ſhe ſay?"

"Aye, Sir," replied Jacob, "that's the thing.—She was in a ſad twitter when ſhe know'd you had told me; and ſaid it was impoſſible to do what you deſired—for the room where ſhe ſleeps is a cloſet within Madam Lennard's, hardly big enough to hold a bed: but it is an impoſſible thing to get out of a night after Madam's in bed, by reaſon that her room doors are locked; and for the window, it is barred up with a long iron bar; ſo that

if

if Miſs had courage to get down a ladder, ſhe could not get out—or if ſhe did, ſhe could never get back again. Her aunt, ſhe ſays, finds her being there vaſtly inconvenient; and, as ſoon as you are gone, reckons to ſend her back to her own room."

"I ſhall be driven out of my ſenſes," exclaimed Orlando, as he traverſed the room: "if I cannot ſee her before I go, I ſhall be diſtracted—How did you obtain admittance to her? Cannot I ſpeak to her by the ſame means?"—"Why hardly; for you muſt know that I was forced to get one of the maids to help me. The new houſe-maid that Madam have hired this morning upon trial, is an old acquaintance of mine; I gave her an item of the matter, and ſo ſhe contrived to take me up to mend the window-ſhutter, which ſhe had broke on purpoſe; and bid me I ſhould take a hammer and nails, and make a clatter if Madam Lennard came. I took care to make my job long enough; and when the old houſe-keeper ax'd me what I was a

doing, I had an excuſe you know pat, and it paſſed off very well; and not only ſo, but ſhe ſaid to me, ſays ſhe—"When you have done that job, Jacob, I wiſh you would juſt look at the wainſcot under the window, and under them there drawers of mine; for it's as rotten as touchwood, and the rats are for ever coming in," ſays ſhe; and ſays ſhe, "I never ſaw the like of this old houſe—it will tumble about our ears, I reckon, one day or nother, and yet my lady is always repairing it," ſays ſhe; "but the wainſcoting of this here end of the wing," ſays ſhe, "has been up above an hundred years; and we may patch it, and patch it, and yet be never the nearer: but, for my part, I ſuppoſe it will laſt my time," ſays ſhe.

Orlando no ſooner heard that another perſon, the new houſe-maid, had been incautiouſly admitted to participate a ſecret which he had hitherto ſo anxiouſly guarded, than his vexation conquered the pleaſure he had for a moment indulged, in learning that

that it was poſſible for another, and therefore for him, to ſee Monimia. To the latter part of the game-keeper's oration he could not attend, occupied with the idea of the new uneaſineſs this circumſtance muſt give to Monimia; and agitated by innumerable fears and anxieties, he remained a moment ſilent after his companion had ceaſed to ſpeak, and then ſaid—"She told you, I think, that after I was gone, her aunt would ſuffer her to return to her former apartment?"

"Yes, that was what ſhe ſaid."

"Well, then, I will go. Indeed I am going by day-break to-morrow. Nay, I am going from this houſe to-night; and therefore I ſhall take leave of Mrs. Rayland this evening." He pauſed a moment, and then added, "I ſuppoſe it is poſſible to convey a letter to Monimia, though I deſpair of ſeeing her."

"O Lord! yes, Sir, that you may do for certain; for I told her, that if ſhe would let down a letter for you by a ſtring at

ſeven o'clock, I would be there to take it; and you might ſend her one back the ſame way."

"What is it o'clock now?" cried Orlando.

"Almoſt ſix, Sir."

"It is time then for me to go to my appointment with Mrs. Rayland, whoſe tea I am afraid is ready. Do you be punctual to ſeven o'clock; and, if I can eſcape, I will be with you at the window. But I beſeech you, Jacob, to remember, that all the obligation I ſhall owe you on this occaſion will be cancelled, if you are not ſecret. I wiſh you had not mentioned this matter to any other perſon, eſpecially to a woman—You know they are not to be truſted."

"Aye! that I know well enough; they'll cackle, I know they will, if life and death depended upon it: but, Lord! Sir, how a-name of fortune was I to get at Miſs, unleſs I had done ſo? and I do believe Nanny is as truſty as moſt."

It was equally uſeleſs to argue on the neceſſity of the meaſure, or the diſcretion of Nanny. The die was caſt; and to meet Monimia ſafely after ſo much hazard had been incurred, was all that it would now anſwer any purpoſe to think of. Orlando, during his ſhort conference with his own thoughts, had determined to take that night his laſt leave of Mrs. Rayland, and to ſay to her before Mrs. Lennard, that he was to ſet out the next morning early, with General Tracy, for London. He hoped, by thus acting, to perſuade the aunt of Monimia that ſhe might ſafely ſend her back to her former apartment; and that by making an appointment with her for Sunday, when he would by the people at the Hall be believed on his way to London, he ſhould enjoy without interruption the melancholy pleaſure of bidding her adieu, and ſettling the ſafeſt method for their future correſpondence.

For this purpoſe he wrote to her; and ſealing the letter, he put it into his pocket

and repaired to Mrs. Rayland; who, underſtanding he was come to take his leave, received him with great ſolemnity, yet not with leſs kindneſs than uſual.

Her converſation conſiſted chiefly of good advice. She declaimed againſt the vitiated ſtate of modern manners, and related how much better things were in her time. She warned him to beware of the gameſters and bad women, who, ſhe ſaid, were the ruin of all young people; and gave him, though obliquely, to underſtand, that his future favour with her depended on his behaviour in this his firſt appearance in life.

With her the age of chivalry did not ſeem to be paſſed; for ſhe appeared to conſider Orlando as a Damoiſell, now about to make his firſt eſſay in arms. Indeed, while ſhe talked much of modern immorality and diſſipation, ſhe knew very little of modern manners, ſeldom ſeeing any of thoſe people who are what is called people of the world; and forming her ideas

of

of what was paſſing in it, only from newſpapers and the Lady's Magazine; or ſome ſuch publication, which excited only wonder and diſguſt—while her recollection came to her relief, and carried her back to thoſe days ſhe herſelf remembered—and with ſtill greater pleaſure to the relations her father had given of what paſſed in his. The freedom of modern life ſuited ſo ill with the ſolemnity of reſpect that was ſhown towards her in her youth, that ſhe ſhrunk from the uneaſineſs it gave her, and made around her a world of her own: and when Orlando became an inhabitant of it, all that regarded him was aſſimilated to her own antediluvian notions.

In anſwer to her long and ſage lecture, Orlando aſſured her, and with great ſincerity, that he had no wiſhes that were not centred in the ſpot and neighbourhood he was about to leave: that new as he was to the world, he yet believed it would offer him no objects that could a moment detach his affections from his family and his friends.

friends. There was ſo much earneſtneſs, and ſomething ſo impreſſive in the manner of his ſaying this, as not only enforced belief, but ſenſibly affected Mrs. Rayland. She almoſt repented that ſhe had ever conſented to his going; but to detain him now without acknowledging him as her heir (which ſhe had determined never to do), was not to be thought of; and General Tracy had ſucceeded in convincing her, not only that it was a juſtice due to her young relation to give him an opportunity of ſeeing more of mankind; but that, as he would not quit England, he would enjoy all the advantages of an honourable profeſſion, without loſing the advantage of her protection. Without giving implicit credit to the tales by which Pattenſon attempted to prejudice him in her favour, ſhe thought enough of them to let them influence in ſome degree her determination; and ſhe believed that, if he had formed any improper attachment, nothing was ſo likely to break

it

it as ſending him from the country, and into ſcenes of life which would, ſhe ſuppoſed, occupy his mind without injuring his morals.

It ſeemed as if towards the cloſe of her life Mrs. Rayland had acquired, inſtead of loſing, her ſenſibility; for ſhe, who had hardly ever loved any body, now found that ſhe could not without pain part from Orlando. She felt her pride and pleaſure equally intereſted in exerting towards him that generoſity, which from the reſt of his family ſhe had withheld; and the apparent dejection of his ſpirits, the reluctance with which he left the Hall, made him appear to her more worthy than ever of her favour. When therefore ſhe had exhauſted every topic of advice ſhe could think of, and received, from the manly ſimplicity of his anſwers, all the aſſurances that words could give of his gratefully receiving it, ſhe preſented him with a bank note of two hundred and fifty pounds; which ſhe told him was for the purpoſe of purchaſing what he would

would have occaſion for on his firſt entrance into the army. She had, however, ſo little idea of modern expences, that ſhe really conſidered this as a very great ſum; and ſuch as it was an amazing effort of generoſity in her to part with: yet, while ſhe made this exertion, her kindneſs towards him was ſo far from being exhauſted, that ſhe told him he ſhould find her always his banker, ſo long as he continued to give her reaſon to think of him as ſhe thought now.

Orlando kiſſed the hand of his ancient benefactreſs; but the tears were in his eyes, and he was unable to ſpeak. He tried, however, to thank her for this laſt, and for all her former favours to him: but the words were inarticulate; and the old lady herſelf, "albeit unuſed to the melting mood," was now ſo much affected, that ſhe could only faintly utter the bleſſing ſhe gave him. "You had better not ſay any more, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Lennard, who ſeemed diſpoſed to weep too—"much better not,

for

for indeed it will make my lady quite out of ſpirits." Orlando, very willing to ſhorten ſuch a ſcene, turned to Mrs. Lennard, towards whom in a few hurried words he expreſſed his thanks for her paſt kindneſs, and his wiſhes for her health and happineſs; and then haſtened away, his heart oppreſſed by the ſcene that had paſſed, yet beating tumultuouſly with the thoughts of that which was to come.

He hardly dared, however, give himſelf time to think. He had told Mrs. Rayland a falſehood, for which his ingenuous heart already ſmote him. He was about to act in direct violation of all he had promiſed, and all ſhe expected of him. He knew that, were he detected lingering about the houſe, after what he had juſt ſaid of his intentions of leaving it immediately, he ſhould loſe for ever all the advantage of that favour which Mrs. Rayland now ſo openly avowed for him; and that, if his attachment to Monimia were known, it would excite more anger and reſentment than

than almoſt any of the errors againſt which ſhe had been warning him. But all theſe conſiderations, ſtrongly as they ought to have operated againſt any other indiſcreet indulgence, were powerleſs when put in competition with his tender affection for Monimia; and to leave her without being able to ſpeak to her and conſole her, was what he could not for a moment have endured to think of, if poverty, diſgrace, and exile from every other human being had been the alternatives.

On entering his room he found it wanted only a few moments of ſeven. He glided therefore round the houſe, and found his punctual confident already waiting for the ſignal. "We need not both be here," ſaid Orlando: "go, Jacob, and wait for me in my room: I have aſked leave for you to go with me to-night to carry a portmanteau to Weſt Wolverton." Jacob obeyed; and Orlando, almoſt breathleſs with fear leſt he ſhould be diſappointed in this his forlorn hope, waited under the window.

The

The caſement at length ſoftly opened, and Monimia appeared at it. He ſpoke to her, and bade her let down the ſtring for a letter, "on the ſucceſs of which," ſaid he, "more than my life depends.—Read it then, Monimia, read it quickly, and give me an anſwer."

The trembling girl, whoſe hurry of ſpirits alone ſupported her, now haſtened away with the letter; and, in an inſtant, threw down a piece of paper on which ſhe had written with a pencil—"If I am ſuffered to go back to my own room to-night, I will be ready on the uſual ſignal; but, if I am not, I cannot write. If I am not, farewell, Orlando—farewell for ever; for I ſhall be too wretched to make it poſſible for me to live. Remember, dear Orlando, your poor friend; and may you be very happy, whatever becomes of me! Go, now, for heaven's ſake!—I am ſure my aunt will be here in a few moments: and all depends upon her believing you gone."

As it was too dark for Orlando to diſcern

cern theſe words, he was compelled to go back to his own room to read them. The doubt they left upon his mind diſtracted him; but it was a doubt which, if he attempted to remove it, would become a certainty that would deſtroy this faint ray of hope. He went back, however, to the window, in hopes that he might yet ſpeak one word to Monimia; but he ſaw that there was now another candle in the room; and, retiring a little farther ſo as to be able to ſee more of it, he diſtinctly ſaw Mrs. Lennard walking in the room, and apparently buſied in the uſual occupations to which ſhe dedicated Saturday nights. To ſtay, therefore, was not only uſeleſs but dangerous; and he thought it better to make a great buſtle in going, that all the inhabitants of the Hall might be appriſed of his abſence. He ſent Jacob, therefore, into the kitchen to give ſome farther orders about forwarding his trunks and baggage to the next market town, as they were to be ſent to London by the waggon; and then,

mourn-

mournfully and reluctantly, prepared to leave the room where he had paſſed ſo many happy hours—the room where his mind firſt taſted the charms of literature, and his heart of love. It was indeed poſſible that he might once more reviſit it, once more that evening with Monimia; but it was alſo poſſible, perhaps moſt probable, that he might not ſee her again.

A thouſand painful reflections preſented themſelves. He left her expoſed to numberleſs inconveniences; and his late raſhneſs had, perhaps, added to them by putting her into the power of ſervants. Yet he might be denied an opportunity to put her upon her guard againſt any of the circumſtances he foreſaw, or even to ſettle how ſhe might receive his letters.

He traverſed the library, yielding to theſe tormenting thoughts; and, by the light of the ſolitary candle he had ſet down in the window ſeat, every thing appeared gloomy and terrific. Every object and every ſound ſeemed to repeat the ſentence, that

that conſtantly occurred to him—"Orlando will reviſit this houſe no more." It is difficult to ſay how long he would have indulged this mournful reverie (notwithſtanding his reſolution juſt before taken to quit the houſe with as much noiſe as poſſible), if he had not been alarmed by the ſound of a female ſtep in the adjoining parlour. He ſtarted. It was perhaps Monimia! He flew to the door; and there, with too evident marks of diſappointment in his countenance, he diſcovered it to be Mrs. Lennard herſelf, who with a candle in her hand, and much perpendicular dignity in her air, ſtalked into the Study—"I am glad, Mr. Orlando, you are not yet gone, for I have a meſſage from my Lady." Orlando would have faced a cannon with leſs trepidation than he waited for this meſſage, which his conſcience told him might relate to Monimia. It proved, however, to be only that he would give to Lennard the keys of the rooms; and that ſhe might ſee the window ſafe and barred. To this,

though it diſappointed him wholly of his hopes of meeting Monimia there, it was impoſſible to object. The cautious houſekeeper, therefore, barricaded every avenue to this apartment, without forgetting the door that led to the chapel; and then, formally enquiring if Orlando had taken out every thing he wiſhed to have, to which he anſwered Yes (as his boxes had been moved the preceding day), ſhe ſaid ſhe would follow him; and he left the room with an additional pang, while Mrs. Lennard locked the door and marched ſolemnly after him.

Towards the middle of the great parlour, through which they were paſſing, he ſtopped, and ſaid in a voice that betrayed his emotion—"You will be ſo good, dear Madam, to aſſure Mrs. Rayland of my grateful reſpects, and to accept yourſelf a repetition of my good wiſhes."

"Thank you, Sir," anſwered the lady, "I am ſure I wiſh you very well: but now, Mr. Orlando, ſince we part friends"—

"I hope

"I hope we *always* were friends, Madam," ſaid Orlando, attempting to ſmile, and turn the diſcourſe, which he feared tended to the ſubject he moſt dreaded.

"I hope ſo too, Sir; but I muſt ſay, that I am afraid in regard to that girl, my niece, there has been ſome wrong doings. It was not right in you, Mr. Orlando, I muſt ſay, to hold a ſecret correſpondence with her, which I am very ſure you did, by means of that ſad ſlut Betty, who latterly has been always giving me hints of it: but I, who did not think Monimia ſo cunning and artful, did not underſtand them; and, even to this day, I cannot imagine how you contrived ſo often to talk to her out of window, without being ſeen or heard. However, it's all over now, I hope; and I am willing to let it be forgot as a childiſh frolic. When you return here, Sir, you will by that time have ſeen too much of the world to think about ſuch a chit as Monimia—if, indeed, ſhe ſhould happen to be here ſo long."

Orlando, divided between his joy to find that the real avenue by which they had converſed was unknown, and the pain the laſt hint gave him, knew not what to reply; but, confuſed and heſitating, he ſtammered out a ſentence which Mrs. Lennard did not give him time to finiſh—"Come, come, Mr. Orlando," ſaid ſhe, "I know you are above any falſe repreſentations: beſides, I aſſure you, you cannot take an old bird with chaff—However, as I ſaid before, there is an end of the matter—I ſhall take care of young Madam here; and I dare ſay you will find plenty of ladies where you are going, better worth looking after."

Orlando, utterly unable to anſwer this raillery, now wiſhed her once more health and happineſs; and ſaid (again vainly attempting to appear unconcerned) —"I really do not love to contradict ladies, my dear Mrs. Lennard! ſo you muſt have your own way, however your ſuſpicions may wrong me." He then haſt-

ened away to mount his horſe, with which Jacob waited for him at the door of the ſervants' hall that opened towards the ſtables:—but as he paſſed through, he found all the ſervants aſſembled at it to take leave of him. Even Pattenſon was there; but, by the expreſſion of his air and countenance, with very different ſentiments from the reſt—for they all teſtified their concern; while the old butler, with a contemptuous ſneer on his countenance, appeared to be delighted by his departure.

At once flattered and pained by the good wiſhes and prayers for his proſperity with which they crowded around him, while moſt of the women ſhed tears, Orlando ſpoke kindly to each of them, aſſured them that he ſhould rejoice in any good that might befal them: "But," added he, "I hope, my kind friends, we do not part for a great length of time, and that on my return I ſhall find you all here, unleſs any of you laſſes ſhould be carried off by good huſbands." Then, again wiſhing them all well,

he

he mounted his horſe; and Jacob following, he rode away from the Hall—but not with a deſign of going to the houſe of his father; he rather meant to linger about the woods till the hour when he thought there was a chance of his finding Monimia once more in the turret.

CHAP. II.

ORLANDO, already repenting, though he hardly knew why, that he had told the game-keeper ſo much, was very unwilling to entruſt him with more. He had not ſo exactly deſcribed the way of his communication with Monimia, as to enable any other perſon to find it; and he wiſhed rather to recall than to increaſe the confidence he had placed in a man of whom he knew very little, and who might perhaps make an ill uſe of his confidence. A new difficulty therefore aroſe: he knew not what to do with Jacob and the horſes, which he now repented that he had uſed. If he ſent them on to his father's, it would be ſuſpected by a family who were every hour looking out for him, that he had ſtaid behind with Monimia:

Monimia: if he left them in the wood, the man would probably be discontented; and if he sent them to an alehouse near the mill at the extremity of the park, Pattenson (who was the great friend and patron of the man who kept it) or some of the other servants might be there, whose enquiries could neither be satisfied nor evaded. Determined however as he was to open his heart to his father before his last adieu, he, after some deliberation, resolved to send them home; and he thought the enquiries his father would make, would give him a good opportunity to put an end (at least as far as he could) to a mystery of which he felt ashamed, as unworthy of himself, and of the object of his affection.—Thus resolved, he told the game-keeper he meant to return back to the Hall, in the hope of seeing Monimia for five minutes; and that he should go to West Wolverton with his horse and portmanteau, whither he would himself follow in about two hours, as he should tell his father, if he asked after him, on hearing or seeing the horses arrive without him.

The man obeyed; and Orlando, making a circuit through the woods, in order to return to the Hall by the leaſt frequented way, and to have as little of the open part of the park to croſs as poſſible, arrived once more at the manſion which he had ſo lately quitted as for the laſt time.—He walked very ſlowly on purpoſe; and his thoughts were ſuch as brought with them only dejection and ſorrow.

He could not help recollecting with regret, thoſe hours, now gone for ever, when, in his early youth, he traverſed theſe paths—happy in the preſent, and thoughtleſs of the future;—when he had no paſſion to torment, no fears for its object to depreſs him; but went to Monimia with the ſame ſimple eagerneſs as any of his ſiſters or his other playfellows, and was unconſcious that the reſt of their lives would be embittered with anxiety and diſappointment—perhaps remorſe.—Orlando already felt ſomething like it: with the moſt candid and ingenuous temper he had lived

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ſome time in a courſe of deception—he had taught it to the innocent, unſuſpecting Monimia, and had ſullied the native candour and integrity of her character. The ſophiſtry by which he had formerly prevailed upon her to conſent to their clandeſtine meetings, now ſeemed mean and contemptible; but perhaps, in thinking thus, Orlando was too much like other tranſgreſſors, who repent becauſe they can ſin no more.

He thought himſelf, however, firmly determined that, had he ſtaid at the Hall, he would, at whatever hazard, act with more openneſs; but as he was going from it, there could be no harm in this laſt adieu. In writing to Monimia there could be nothing wrong, eſpecially as he meant not to make a ſecret of it to his father and Selina, nor indeed to any of his own family: while the peculiarities of Mrs. Rayland, and the watchful malignity of Mrs. Lennard, ſeemed fully to juſtify his not revealing to them what would be ſo hazardous to Monimia and to himſelf.

Amid theſe diſquieting and contradictory reflections, he at laſt reached the Hall. It was the darkeſt of December nights, but calm and ſtill. Orlando walked ſlowly round the houſe, which, ſave a glimmering light from the window of Mrs. Lennard's room, bore no appearance of being inhabited. His longing eyes, which had anxiouſly watched for ſome conſoling beam from the turret, whither they had ſo often been turned with tranſport, now ſought for the propitious ray in vain. Still it was poſſible Monimia might be there, but, from her aunt's late ſuſpicions, deprived of a light. As the houſe ſeemed perfectly quiet, he ventured up to the well-known door, and, liſtening awhile, tapped at it; no anſwer was given!—he repeated the ſignal louder; ſtill no delicious ſounds were heard in return!—and, convinced at length that his project had wholly failed, and Monimia was ſtill a priſoner, he became half frantic, from the reflection that he had hazarded their ſecret in vain: he had in vain imagined

gined a fineſſe, and aſſerted a falſehood, and perhaps muſt at laſt go without ſeeing her, his heart torn at once by his own ſufferings and by the idea of hers.

In ſtepping back to return down the ſtairs, when after a long ſtay all hope had forſaken him, his foot ſtruck ſomething before him, which ſeemed to be a parcel: as not a ray of light entered the place where he was, he felt for this with his hands, and, at length finding it, he diſcovered it to be a ſmall book: it was tied with a packthread; and Orlando immediately ſuppoſed, what was indeed the truth, that Monimia, not being permitted to return that evening to ſleep in her former apartment, had, however, on ſome pretence or other entered it, and depoſited at the door that book, which contained a letter. He opened the book with trembling hands, and found what he expected by the ſeal; but to read it was impoſſible, where he had no means of procuring light: he therefore put it into his pocket as eagerly as if he was

afraid ſomebody would take it from him, and then ran towards home; where, hardly feeling the ground as he went, he arrived, in a ſtate of mind ſo uneaſy and confuſed, that he no longer was capable of caution or reſerve; but haſtening into the kitchen, where he firſt perceived a light, he ſnatched up a candle without ſpeaking, and was hurrying with it to his own room, when his father, who had been anxiouſly watching his arrival, opened the door through which he was preparing to paſs up ſtairs; and ſeeing him pale and breathleſs, his eyes wild, and his hair diſhevelled, he concluded that ſomething very terrible had happened to his brother.—The raſh, unthinking, and vehement character of Philip, his wild profuſion, and unſettled principles, had of late ſo haraſſed the imagination of his father, that he now thought only of his committing ſuicide; and the ſudden appearance of Orlando, in ſuch an agitated ſtate, ſtruck him with the idea that this fatal event had happened—"Almighty God!" cried he, as he ſeized the

the arm of Orlando, who, muttering ſomething, would have paſſed to his room—"Almighty God! what I have dreaded has happened."—Orlando, who thought at that moment only of Monimia, and was impatient at every interruption, was, however, ſo ſtruck with this exclamation, and with the look of anguiſh that accompanied it, that he ſtopped, and, with terror equal to that with which he had been addreſſed, cried, "What, my dear Sir! for Heaven's ſake what has happened? My mother, my ſiſters!"—"Oh, your brother!" interrupted Mr. Somerive—"tell me the worſt at once, it cannot be more dreadful than my fears repreſent it."—"Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of my brother; nothing has happened to him that I know of—I hope you have heard nothing?"

"No!" cried Mr. Somerive, a little recovering from his apprehenſion. "Speak low, Orlando; I would not for the world alarm your mother, who is in bed:—but your looks, your haſte, your ſtaying out,

and your ſudden appearance, gave me I know not what idea, that ſome dreadful accident had happened to poor Philip."

"Dear Sir," replied Orlando, "you will really deſtroy yourſelf, if you give way to ſuch horrible apprehenſions; Philip, I am perſuaded, is well.—Pray compoſe yourſelf; I am extremely ſorry I alarmed you, and beg you will make yourſelf eaſy."

"Ah! Orlando," ſaid Mr. Somerive as he ſat down in the parlour, whither he deſired his ſon to follow him—"ah, Orlando! you relieve me from one miſery only to plunge me into another, leſs inſupportable indeed, but ſtill moſt painful to me.—What is the meaning, my dear boy, of theſe haggard looks, of this diſordered manner, of theſe late walks, and this breathleſs return? Some myſtery hangs over your actions, which cannot but be injurious, ſince thoſe actions, were they not ſuch as your own conſcience condemns, need not be concealed from your family—from your father!"

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"They ſhall not, Sir!" replied Orlando warmly—"I will not leave you in doubt about my conduct; you will find nothing in it that need make you bluſh for your ſon: ſpare me but this one night, and to-morrow there ſhall not be a wiſh of my heart concealed from you."

"Alas, poor boy!" ſaid Mr. Somerive tenderly, "I gueſs but too much of them already:—but, Orlando, I depend upon your integrity; I have never known it deceive me. Go, therefore, now—and let me not ſee to-morrow that wild and unſettled look, that pale countenance, and ſo many ſymptoms of ſuffering, which *I*, my ſon, ſee but too plainly, and yet dare hardly ſay I pity, for fear I ſhould encourage what I ought to condemn." Then, with a deep ſigh, he added, "Good night, dear Orlando! I will go and endeavour to compoſe myſelf, or at leaſt conceal from your mother the uneaſineſs that devours me.—Ah, my child! many and many nights I do not cloſe my eyes: the ſad image of Philip, bringing ruin

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on himſelf, on my wife, and on my poor girls, haunts me eternally; and then, Orlando, when my expectation reſts on you, when I think that I have another ſon who will protect and ſupport them when I am gone—for I feel that I ſhall not live long—then the apprehenſion of ſome fatal entanglement that will ruin all our hopes, comes over my heavy heart; and I ſee nothing for my wife, and my dear girls, but poverty and deſpair."

"Oh! this is too much," cried Orlando; "I cannot indeed bear it—What ſhall I ſay—what ſhall I ſwear, to quiet theſe diſtracting apprehenſions?—Good God, Sir! what have I ever done, what ſelfiſh actions have I ever been guilty of, which could lead my father to ſuppoſe that, to gratify myſelf, I would abandon my dear—my affectionate mother, or forget the intereſt of my ſweet ſiſters?"—"Nay, Orlando, you never have given me reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition; but let us talk of it no more—once more, good night!" Orlando then kiſſed his father's hand,

hand, and left him. Eagerly he tore open the letter, which had already, from his exceſſive impatience, occaſioned to him ſo much pain. It contained theſe few words:——

"My aunt refuſed to let me return to my former room this night, and you well know I dared not preſs it; I could obtain no more than permiſſion to go thither for half an hour to put it to rights, as ſhe has told me I ſhall go back to it to-morrow; and I uſe that opportunity to leave this letter, incloſed in a book, which I hope you will not miſs. Orlando, if you go to-morrow, we ſhall meet no more!—But as you mention not ſetting out till Monday morning, I flatter myſelf that if that is ſo, you will not go without ſeeing me: at all events I will be in the great pond-wood between four and five to-morrow evening; and will wait on the old bench not far from the boat-houſe. I will not ſay what I ſhall ſuffer till you come, if indeed you do come: but be not uneaſy for me, for my aunt will have no doubt of your being quite out of the country by to-mor-

row,

row, and therefore will let me go out to walk without any queſtions. If you can come, I ſhall not expect to find an anſwer at my door.—If you cannot —— But, indeed, Orlando, my trembling hand, and the tears that fall upon the paper, prevent my ſaying any more. I cannot write a farewell to you!—But if I never ſhould ſee you again, do not forget me, Orlando!—And may God bleſs you, and make you happy!"

The paper was indeed bliſtered, and ſome of the words almoſt obliterated, by the tears that had mingled with the ink. Orlando kiſſed theſe marks of tender ſenſibility a thouſand and a thouſand times: he laid the precious paper to his heart, and believed the taliſman abated its throbbing; then took it to read again, and endeavoured to calm his ſpirits with the aſſurance that he ſhould meet the adored writer of it, and repeat an hundred times proteſtations of tenderneſs which he never felt more forcibly than now. But as ſoon as his diſquieting apprehenſions about Monimia, and his fears

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of not ſeeing her, were appeaſed, the ſcene he had juſt paſſed through with his father recurred with more acute pain to his mind: he had promiſed to reveal the ſecret which was already ſuſpected; but, though he firmly adhered to this reſolution, ſurely his father would not inſiſt upon his promiſe to give up all thoughts of Monimia—That he felt to be a promiſe which he could not make—his whole heart recoiled from it. Ah! why was it thus impoſſible to reconcile his duty and his love; and why ſhould his attachment to Monimia be inconſiſtent with the attention his family would have a right to—if——if his father ſhould die?—The very idea of his father's death was inſupportable; and yet he was going from him, and could not watch his health, or contribute to his comfort. Thus wretched Orlando tried in vain to ſleep—his blood throbbed tumultuouſly in his veins; his heart ſeemed too big for his boſom; by carrying his thoughts to the dreadful parting of the next day, he was rendered incapable of

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taſting any preſent repoſe; and day appeared before his troubled thoughts had ſo wearied his frame as to allow him to fall into unquiet ſlumber. Even in his ſhort and diſturbed ſleep, tormenting viſions aſſailed him—he ſaw the funeral of his father, who yet appeared living, or at leaſt appearing to him, though dead—and pointing with one hand to his mother and his ſiſters, while with the other he waved him away from Monimia, who, at a diſtance, ſeemed to ſit dejected and alone, in a wild and dreary ſcene, where birds of prey ſcreamed around her—from which ſhe endeavoured to eſcape towards Orlando, and held out her hands to him for help in vain. A repetition of theſe unformed horrors took away all inclination to ſleep. At ſeven o'clock Orlando left his bed, more dejected than ever he felt before; and dreading the dialogue that muſt enſue, he joined his father, who was walking, melancholy and alone, in the garden.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

SOMERIVE received his ſon with tenderneſs; but his dejection was but too viſible. Orlando approached him with apprehenſion, and his voice trembled as he ſpoke the ſalutation of the morning. They traverſed a long gravel walk twice before either of them ſpoke again. At length Mr. Somerive aſked Orlando, if he had ſeen his mother and ſiſters? He anſwered, that he believed they had not yet left their chambers; and another painful ſilence enſued, which neither of them ſeemed to have reſolution to break.

At length Mr. Somerive ſaid, "This, Orlando, is the laſt day we ſhall paſs together for ſome time—let it not be clouded by diſſimulation on your part; it ſhall not be

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ſo with remonſtrance on mine; but my advice you will hear, ſince indeed, my ſon, it is for your ſake, not my own, I give it—I ſhall ſoon be out of the reach of all the evils of this world!"

"Do not talk ſo, dear Sir!" exclaimed Orlando, ſeizing his father's hand; "do not, I beſeech you!—Such gloomy preſentiments will overcloud this day with more pain for me, than your ſevereſt remonſtrance. Pray think more cheerfully: you are yet but in the middle of life; you have a conſtitution naturally good; and you may yet many years ſee around you a family who idolize their father."

"No, Orlando!" cried Somerive interrupting him, "it will not be—Your brother, on whom my firſt hopes were fixed, he has inflicted the wound which, from long irritation, is become incurable; and where—alas! where is this family ſo fondly beloved?—Philip is gone! for I ſee that nothing can ſave him—My eldeſt daughter is married into another kingdom, where I

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can never ſee her—And you, Orlando, you are now going from me: I am not ſuperſtitious, but I feel ſomething like an aſſurance that we part to-day for ever; or if I am ſo favoured by Providence as to embrace you again, will you be the ſame after having entered the world; will you bring back to me the excellent heart, the ingenuous temper, the integrity of principle that has hitherto made me glory in my ſon?"

Orlando, who expected a very different opening to this converſation, warmly repeated his proteſtations, that nothing ſhould make him forget the duty he owed his father —the affection he felt for his family. "Ah, Sir!" cried he, "if you knew how little is to be apprehended from the world, where the whole heart is already abſorbed in attachment, contracted in the early dawn of life, and interwoven with the very exiſtence, you would not feel theſe fears, nor wound me with theſe doubts."

"*I* have lived near fifty years, Orlando; you have not yet finiſhed your twenty-firſt. I have

I have ſeen, though paſſing in obſcurity much of my time—I have ſeen young men ſet out in life uncorrupted, and apparently endowed with every noble principle that could render them honours to their country or their families; yet, in a few years, I have ſeen them, either hardened by ambition, or degraded by debauchery, not unfrequently combining both; and if they have intereſt, purſuing the one only as the means of indulging in the other."

"It is very true, Sir," anſwered Orlando: "but the ambition of a ſoldier is ſurely glorious ambition; it leads to honour through hardſhip and danger; and he who follows his profeſſion earneſtly, can have little time for the ſallies of irregularity."

"You are to be a ſoldier of *peace*, Orlando; but I will do you juſtice, I do not believe you will diſappoint my hopes by becoming a gameſter or a libertine."

"No, Sir!" ſaid Orlando vehemently. "To be the firſt I have no inclination, and for the ſecond you have a ſecurity which

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I am ſure you will believe infallible—I promiſed you laſt night that I would open my whole heart to you; dare I now then ſolicit your patience, while I acquit myſelf of what I hold to be an indiſpenſable duty, and ſpeak with that ſincerity to you, which I have reproached myſelf for ever neglecting to obſerve, though indeed it was not always poſſible?"

"I attend," ſaid Mr. Somerive in a grave and low voice: "I would not, Orlando, touch upon this ſubject, becauſe I wiſhed to ſee if you had candour and reſolution to ſpeak when you might have evaded it."

Orlando, whoſe momentary courage already failed him, now half repented that he had ſaid ſo much—now ſhrunk from the unworthy idea of concealing any thing. He began then in a low and tremulous tone; and while his heart throbbed with a thouſand painful emotions, he related to his father the whole progreſs of his paſſion, even from his firſt recollection of the time when

when he began to love Monimia better than any of his ſiſters; when, in going to the Hall, he thought more of ſeeing her than of the amuſements in which he was indulged, and often refuſed to ride out on a horſe Mrs. Rayland allowed him occaſionally to have when he was about eleven years old, or to go to play with the men in the park; becauſe, at the hours when theſe recreations were offered him, he had opportunities of ſitting with Monimia, who was employed by her aunt to pick cowſlips from their ſtalks, to collect roſe leaves, or dry flowers and herbs in the houſe-keeper's room. He concealed nothing from his father that happened in the progreſs of his paſſion; and as his timidity gradually vaniſhed, he ſpoke of her with all the enthuſiaſm and all the tenderneſs of paſſion. His father ſighed more deeply than he did as he proceeded in his ſtory; when he ceaſed ſpeaking, remained a moment ſilent; and then, with another long-drawn ſigh, he ſaid, "I have always ſuſpected ſomething of this

ſort; but my conjectures were ſhort of the truth.—If I had known, Orlando, that the Hall contained ſo dangerous an inmate, not all the hopes that have been raiſed by Mrs. Rayland's partiality to you, ſhould have induced me to have ſuffered your reſidence there."

"Good God! Sir," exclaimed the young man, "can you call an angel dangerous? Oh ſay rather that my Monimia will prove to me a guardian ſeraph!—In thinking of her, I find my mind elevated, and purified—I live only for her—I wiſh only to live worthy of her."

"Juſt now, Orlando, you talked of living only for your family—for your mother—for your ſiſters; and now this angel is the only object of your future life!—An angel! every idle boy that reads ballads or writes them, every ſcribbler that ſends his rhymes to a magazine, calls the nymph who inſpires him an angel; and ſuch an angel is this Monimia of yours! and from ſuch ſort of reading you have learned to fancy

yourſelf in love with her. The niece of Lennard is the laſt perſon in the world whom I would wiſh you to elect, and . . . ."

"And why the niece of Lennard, Sir?" ſaid Orlando ſomewhat impatiently—"ſurely my father is too liberal to confound their merits. Poor Minimia! She is indeed the niece of Lennard; but, believe me, ſhe does not in any inſtance reſemble her—And what is her birth? does it render her leſs amiable, leſs lovely?"

"Oh, ſoftly!" cried Somerive, interrupting him in his turn, "I have not the leaſt doubt, Orlando, but that you could prove in a moment that this ſeraphic damſel is not only the moſt perfect of human beings, but the better for belonging to a woman who has always ſtood between me and the countenance of my relation; a woman who, in all probability, will finally rob me of my birth-right.—Unhappy, ill-ſtarred boy! Do you not ſee that, by this miſplaced attachment, you have put it into the power of Mrs. Lennard to deſtroy all

the hopes you have been cheriſhing? Do you not ſee that you have put yourſelf upon her mercy? that, under pretence of not knowing of this clandeſtine love, ſhe has ſuffered it to go on? ſecure of being able to ruin you at any time with her Lady by diſcovering it, and making a merit of her own diſintereſted conduct."

Orlando felt that there was too much truth in this obſervation; but the greater thoſe hazards were that he incurred for Monimia, the dearer ſhe became to him. "Well, Sir," ſaid he, "and if Mrs. Rayland's favour can be held only by the ſacrifice of every honeſt affection, I will diſclaim it. Why ſhould ſhe diſcard me for loving an amiable, beautiful girl, who—?"

"Nay, nay!" cried his father impatiently—"Why has ſhe invincible pride, and obſtinate prejudice? Why has ſhe always held me at a diſtance, becauſe my father, though her only relation, was the ſon of a man who could diſtinctly count no more than two generations? Why has ſhe

always expreſſed her deteſtation of the memory of my mother, whom fortune reduced to be her companion? Why has ſhe ever deſpiſed your mother, becauſe ſhe was the daughter of a man in trade? It is of no uſe to inveigh againſt, or inveſtigate the cauſe of all theſe ſupercilious diſtinctions in the mind of our old couſin: we know that, unluckily for us, they exiſt; and we know they are invincible. How do you think a woman ſo haughty and arrogant would like to hear that the young man ſhe has been diſtinguiſhing by her favour, and to whom there is ſome reaſon to think ſhe may make up the injuſtice ſhe has done his family, has engaged himſelf to marry one of her domeſtics; a girl brought up in her houſe through charity, the daughter of a nobleman's ſteward, and the niece of her houſekeeper?"

"If ſuch are her prejudices, Sir," exclaimed Orlando warmly, "that I muſt make myſelf eternally wretched leſt I ſhould offend them, I had rather, much rather,

give up for ever all thoſe hopes, of which the reality would be too dearly purchaſed, if the beſt part of my life, and all that can render it valuable, is to be the price. I thank General Tracy more than ever for giving me a commiſſion, which, little as it will afford me, and weak as my hopes are of preferment, will at leaſt render me in ſome degree independent."

"I am obliged to General Tracy too," ſaid Mr. Somerive, "for you will now be taken out of the moſt perilous ſituation that it is poſſible for a young man of your temper and imagination to be in. If Lennard is ſatisfied with having got you out of the houſe (for I doubt not but it was ſhe who ſo much accelerated your going), it will be well;—a little more knowledge of the world will cure you of this romantic paſſion. I hope you are not engaged to this girl?"

"Engaged, Sir!"

"Aye, Orlando—engaged?"

"If I give you no more trouble, Sir," ſaid Orlando dejectedly, "with what you are

pleaſed to term my romantic paſſion, I muſt be forgiven if I anſwer no queſtions as to my future conduct; it ſhall not be ſuch as ſhall diſgrace my family, or give you any *reaſonable* cauſe of uneaſineſs."

The emphaſis laid on the word reaſonable did not at all pleaſe Mr. Somerive—"You muſt give me leave, Sir," ſaid he rather ſternly, "to judge of the reaſonableneſs of my feelings myſelf: you evade my queſtion, after all your profeſſions of ſincerity. Good God! what a fate is mine! One of my ſons is loſt to me; the other is going to throw himſelf away, if not as unworthily, at leaſt more irrecoverably:—your brother may be reclaimed by time and affection; but an unfortunate marriage, contracted ſo early in life, is certainly ruin."

This ſpeech was ill calculated to appeaſe the concern and impatience with which Orlando found that his father, generally ſo conſiderate and indulgent, ſuffered his diſlike to Mrs. Lennard to ſtifle every generous and liberal ſentiment of his heart; and

and he was on the point of anſwering with more warmth than he ever in his life ventured to uſe, when fortunately, to ſave him from repentance, which would inſtantly have followed if he had given his father greater pain, the General joined them, and, after a few common compliments, they were met, as they walked towards the houſe, by Mrs. Somerive with a ſummons to breakfaſt. Though the interpoſition of the General had a little relieved both, the enquiring eyes of Mrs. Somerive were not eaſily evaded or deceived: ſhe ſaw, and trembled to ſee, the emotions that ſhook the ſoul of her huſband; while, on the expreſſive features of Orlando, diſquiet and anguiſh, mingled with ſomething of diſappointment and reſentment, were too viſibly to be traced by maternal ſolicitude. The preſence of the General, however, and of the three girls, prevented her ſpeaking of what ſo much affected her; by degrees the clouds upon her huſband's brow ſeemed leſs heavy; but Orlando was penſive and ſilent: the

attempts he evidently made to ſhake off his concern, were quite ineffectual; and as ſoon as his haſty breakfaſt was over, he took his hat, and, turning to his mother, enquired whether the dinner hour was as uſual (for on Sundays the family were ſometimes accuſtomed to dine earlier)? ſhe anſwered that it was; and Orlando, then ſlightly bowing to the reſt, was leaving the room, when his father cried, "I thought you were to paſs this laſt day of your ſtay in the country with us, Orlando!"—"I ſhall be back to dinner, Sir," replied he as he ſhut the door.—Somerive, who, in the dread of his loſing Mrs. Rayland's favour, and in his hatred to Mrs. Lennard, had ſpoken of Monimia with more aſperity than he felt, was now convinced that harſhneſs would have little influence on the warm impetuous ſpirit of his ſon; that he would have done better to have truſted to mildneſs and perſuaſion, and to have treated him in this inſtance, as he had hitherto always done, rather with the gentleneſs of a friend, than the authority of a parent.

Stung

Stung with regret, anguiſh, and diſappointment, Orlando wandered away from the houſe, hardly knowing why, or whither he was going. Inſtead of obtaining for Monimia his father's protection, and the countenance of his family during his abſence, with which he had fondly flattered himſelf, he had heard what almoſt amounted to a prohibition againſt thinking of her any more; and his own candour and ſincerity, to which he had been taught ſo religiouſly to adhere, had apparently done him more miſchief than the hints which his brother had thrown out, who had (as he lately learned from Selina) never ceaſed attempting, during his laſt viſit at home, to impreſs his father and mother with a notion, that Orlando had not only a correſpondence, but a correſpondence of the moſt criminal nature, with Mrs. Lennard's niece. Mrs. Somerive, always unwilling to ſee the faults of one ſon, or to hear of the ſuppoſed faults of another, had ſometimes evaded, and appeared, when ſhe was forced to hear it,

quite indifferent to this information; while Somerive, whatever credit he might give to the exiſtence of what he thought ſuch a fooliſh and boyiſh inclination, diſcouraged this invidious diſpoſition in his eldeſt ſon; and though he ſometimes felt a good deal alarmed about Orlando, he thought ſo contemptibly of Mrs. Lennard, becauſe he had learned early in life to deſpiſe and diſlike her, that he could hardly imagine it poſſible for a relation of hers to make a laſting impreſſion on a young man of ſo much taſte and ſpirit. He was however often uneaſy, and particularly after the dinner party at Stockton's, on this ſubject; but, upon enquiry, he could not find that Monimia was a girl likely long to captivate his ſon, or to engage him in a ſerious attachment. Some perſons told him, indeed, that ſhe was a pretty girl; others, that ſhe was a handſome girl; but more, that there was not any thing very extraordinary in her: while from other quarters he heard that her aunt treated her like a common ſervant, except that

ſhe

ſhe never ſat in the kitchen or the ſervants hall; and that ſhe hardly ever was ſeen by any of the family, being employed in attending Mrs. Rayland only when ſhe was ſick, and at other times in waiting upon or working for Mrs. Lennard in her own room. Somerive therefore thought, that whatever childiſh affection his ſon might have felt for her, could hardly have any ſerious termination, or any that could injure him with Mrs. Rayland; and if now and then, on remarking ſome peculiarity in Orlando's conduct or looks, he recollected Philip's wild aſſertions about this "fair maid of the Hall," as he was accuſtomed in ridicule to call her, the hope that ſuch childiſh love would be forgotten, and the idea he had taken up that Mrs. Lennard kept her niece quite out of Orlando's way, and treated her as a mere ſervant, quieted his alarms; for which indeed he had no remedy, for he could not either object to any perſon whom Mrs. Rayland choſe ſhould inhabit her houſe, or remove Or-

lando from it till the preſent period, when he had her conſent and aſſiſtance.

But to whatever motives the conduct of Mr. Somerive was really owing, Orlando had ſeen it in that view only that was the moſt flattering to his ſanguine hopes: they now appeared to be deſtroyed for ever, and he ſaw only deſpair before him. Far from being allowed to aſk his mother's permiſſion for Selina to ſee his Monimia, he dared not name her again, leſt he ſhould receive an injunction which the certainty of immediate death would not compel him to obey; and his projected confeſſion that he was going in the evening to meet her for the laſt time, he now had not courage to make. Yet he could not diſguiſe it; for, ſince the General's reſidence in this family, their ſimplicity of living, and their hours, had been entirely changed; and inſtead of dining at three, as had been always their cuſtom, they now called it four; but it was often, in compliance with the General's habits, near an hour later; five was the hour Monimia

nam.d

named in her note; it was perhaps the only one in which ſhe had a chance of eſcaping: therefore, whatever might be the diſpleaſure it occaſioned to his father and his family, whatever might be their conjectures and remarks, he muſt either fail returning to dine with them, or break away perhaps before the removal of the table cloth; to do the former would have been leſs uneaſy to himſelf, but he feared it would be more offenſive to his family. Reſolutely determined to ſee Monimia at all events, he fixed upon the latter; but as he could bear no more of his father's diſpleaſure than what he was ſure, he thought, of hearing when he returned from his laſt dear interview, he could not reſolve to go back to the houſe, but continued walking, almoſt mechanically, towards Rayland Hall, forgetting, in the extreme agitation of his ſpirits, how very material it was that he ſhould not be ſeen after he had taken his laſt leave of Mrs. Rayland, and ſhe believed him gone out of the country.

This

This never occurred to him till, under a hollow ſand cliff that bounded one ſide of the great pond, near the mill, on the verge of the park, he ſuddenly heard the rattle of a carriage, and, looking behind him, ſaw Mrs. Rayland's coach ſtopping at the gate, within two hundred yards of him. He then recollected the contemptible figure he ſhould make, and the irreparable injury it would do him with her, if he were detected in a falſehood, accompanied too with apparent ingratitude; but it was almoſt too late to eſcape, for on one ſide was the water, and on the other a high and almoſt perpendicular bank, that in ſome places hung over the road:—he had not, however, a moment's time to deliberate; but, ſeizing one of the roots that grew out of the ſides, he ſprang up, not without ſome hazard of pulling the crumbling looſe ſoil, of which the bank was formed, upon him:—two ſteps brought him to the top, where, however, he would have been in a more expoſed ſituation

ſituation than below, if the holly, hazle, broom, and branches of pollard oaks that clothed the top of the eminence, had not afforded him a friendly concealment:—he threw himſelf among them; and then, perfectly ſure that he could not be ſeen, he peeped among the withered leaves of the oak and the thicker green of the holly, and ſaw very diſtinctly the carriage approach, in which, with a palpitating heart, he ſaw Monimia ſitting backwards with her aunt, while Mrs. Rayland alone occupied the oppoſite ſeat. He then recollected, that this was the day on which Mrs. Rayland uſually went in ſtate to the church of a neighbouring pariſh; a ceremony that was performed four times a year, when the weather did not forbid it. He was amazed at his own thoughtleſs indiſcretion; and ſaw that he owed his eſcape from its conſequences to a mere accident. On theſe occaſions a footman went behind, and Mr. Pattenſon rode in great form by the coach

ſide.

ſide. It happened that the man behind the coach had been ordered by his Lady, at the church-door, to call with a meſſage upon her tenant, the miller, whom not being immediately able to find, he ſtaid while he was enquired for; and Pattenſon was under the neceſſity of diſmounting to open the gate, which, as he was extremely unwieldy, and rode a ſpirited and well fed horſe, was by no means the work of a moment. Orlando, after his apprehenſions were at an end, found in this little incident ſomething from which he drew a favourable omen: he was pleaſed to ſee that, in conſequence of his ſuppoſed abſence, Monimia was indulged with a greater degree of liberty, and ſeemed much in favour with Mrs. Rayland and her aunt: and it ſeemed as if deſtiny, however remotely, was determined to favour him; for, in this laſt, as well as in innumerable preceding inſtances, he had trembled on the very brink of detection, and yet he had hitherto eſcaped;

eſcaped; at leaſt he had reaſon to reſt aſſured that Mrs. Rayland ſuſpected nothing, and was far from imagining that her young kinſman was devotedly attached to her little, humble Mary.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

SUFFICIENTLY punished by the alarm he had been in for his indiscretion, Orlando no longer ventured to appear where any of the tenants or servants of the hall might probably meet him; but, as he was afraid of returning to the house of his father till the whole family were assembled, lest he should hear more of the reproof he could so ill bear, he lingered about the coppices; and as a chain of them led to a sharp eminence clothed with wood, that overlooked a part of the park, where, among the venerable trees scattered around it, the Hall-house appeared, he sat himself down on an old seat which had been placed here for the prospect afforded by this woody knoll, and indulged reflections which, though

though far from pleaſant, were mournfully ſoothing. He recollected that, in this copſe, but a few years before, he had once been permitted with ſome other children to accompany Monimia in gathering the nuts with which it abounded—How gay and happy they were then! how unconſcious of evils to come!—Under that tuft of hazle Monimia ſat, while he threw the fruit into her lap; and there he purſued a ſquirrel for her, which eſcaped up that old beech tree!—The letters carved by the ruſtics, whoſe Sunday's walk in ſummer ſometimes led them to this bench, remained: he remembered them well; and, for the firſt time in his life, felt diſpoſed to take his ſhare of this ſpecies of fame*; and, with his knife, he engraved on that part of

* So admirably deſcribed in the exquiſite poem of the Taſk, where he ſpeaks of the alcove

——"Impreſs'd
"By rural carvers, who with knives deface
"The pannels, leaving an obſcure, rude name,
"In characters uncouth, and ſpelt amiſs."

this

this covered ſeat which had ſuffered leaſt from

——"The ſylvan pen
"Of rural lovers *,"

the words—"ORLANDO," 9th December 1776—flattering himſelf that this rude memorial might be ſeen by Monimia, and draw from her ſoft boſom one ſigh more of tender recollection, in his abſence.

Thus paſſed the time till the hour nearly approached when he believed the whole family would be together, and when he ſhould therefore eſcape any farther converſation with his father. He made his way towards home over hedges and through the moſt pathleſs part of this woody country; and, entering the houſe by the kitchen, he enquired for his mother and ſiſters. The ſervants anſwered, that their miſtreſs was ill, and had lain down on the bed; but that the young ladies were in the parlour.

Concerned for his mother, whom he fondly loved, Orlando haſtened into the common parlour, where he ſaw Iſabella

* THOMSON.

leaning

leaning her head on her hand, in which was an handkerchief, and Selina hanging over her, her eyes ſtreaming with tears. Orlando, imputing all to his mother's illneſs, enquired eagerly how ſhe did, and how ſhe ſo ſuddenly became ill? Selina, in anſwer, exclaimed: "O deareſt Orlando! how glad I am you are come back! we have been wiſhing and ſeeking for you."

"But, my mother!" cried Orlando, "my dear mother!"

"She is only very much agitated," replied Selina, "and I hope will be better preſently: but Iſabella——"

"What, for God's ſake, has happened to you?" ſaid he, interrupting one ſiſter, and addreſſing his hurried enquiry to the other. "Tell him, Selina," ſaid Iſabella, "and aſk him how he would act if he were ſituated as I am?—I will go to my own room."

"What is all this, my dear girl?" ſaid Orlando as ſoon as ſhe had left the room: "Iſabella ſeems leſs affected than you are!"

Selina then related to him, that ſoon after breakfaſt

breakfaſt her Father and General Tracy had walked out together, at the deſire of the latter: where the General had opened his intention of offering himſelf to Iſabella as an huſband—of making very great ſettlements if ſhe accepted of him—and, in in ſhort, ſaid Selina, "he made the propoſal appear ſo advantageous to my father, that the diſparity of age ſeemed by no means a ſufficient objection againſt accepting it:—he therefore referred the General wholly to Iſabella herſelf, with whom he converſed as ſoon as he returned home, repreſenting his own ſituation, which certainly affords us all but a melancholy proſpect, Orlando. He even told Belle, in regard to our circumſtances, ſome particulars which have been owing to Philip's expences, that my father ſays he has not ventured to tell even to my mother, becauſe they would half kill her.—It ſeems that we ſhall not have any proviſion in caſe of our poor father's death, as Philip has ſtripped him of all he had ſaved; and as this eſtate would

would be Philip's, we ſhould not have, to ſupport us all, above fourſcore pounds a year; my mother's ſettlement, which, as ſhe had ſo ſmall a fortune, was all ſhe would let my father ſettle upon her.—This, you know, is not twenty pounds a piece for us; and Iſabella would not certainly be happy with ſuch a pittance, if it were poſſible for her to live upon it: only, therefore, conſider what a contraſt the General's offers make—Beſides the power ſuch a match would give her to make our dear parents eaſy (which I own is the only circumſtance that would ſhake my reſolution were I in her place), ſhe would be raiſed ſo much in rank! and have ſuch a large fortune!—ſo much ſplendour round her! things which you know Belle has no diſlike to, that I believe ſhe will conſent, though ſhe has a hundred times ridiculed the General; and when he has been making love to her—"

"Making love to her!" ſaid Orlando; "has he long made love to her?"

"I *think* he has," replied Selina. "I know

know very little how people make love; but I am ſure if that was not making love, I cannot gueſs what is. Belle, at firſt, only laughed at him, and uſed to ſay ſuch rude things about his wig, and his falſe teeth, and the art he uſed to make himſelf look young, that I have wondered an hundred times how he bore it: but afterwards he grew more importunate, indeed I thought impertinent, and Belle threatened to ſpeak to my father. As for my mother, we agreed to tell her the ſort of language he held whenever he could get my ſiſter alone, or with only me and Emma; and my poor mother, afraid of diſobliging a man who ſhe thought had been ſuch a friend to you, and might be to the whole family, deſired we would not tell my father, who would certainly have reſented ſuch behaviour, and contented herſelf with keeping us out of his way, and never ſuffering us to be out of her ſight. So the poor General, not being able to ſucceed in carrying away Iſabella on his own terms——"

"Curſe

"Curſe on his inſolent preſumption!" cried Orlando paſſionately; "he never could dare to think of it."

"My mother," anſwered Selina, "believes he did:—but you ſee he repents of his evil intentions, and is determined to be generous and honeſt at laſt."

"And does my ſiſter Belle accept of him then?"

"That is the matter now in debate. My father has repreſented the ſituation ſhe will be in, if he dies and leaves her unmarried. She knows all the pecuniary advantages that attend ſuch a ſituation as the General offers her: and the queſtion only is, whether, as ſhe has no attachment whatever, the charms of grandeur, the chance of being a Counteſs (for the General's elder brother has but one ſon, a poor puny boy), and being called the honourable Mrs. Tracy, are not ſufficient temptations to make her forget that the huſband who is to give her all theſe advantages is a good deal older than her father?"

"And how do you think the debate will terminate?" ſaid Orlando.

"Iſabella has been crying about it, as you ſee; and my mother's being ſo extremely affected made me cry: but I believe, Orlando, that the General need not deſpair. Iſabella, however, has deſired till this evening to conſider of it; when ſhe is to give him her anſwer herſelf. He ſaid that he could not go to town and leave undecided a matter on which the whole happineſs of his life depended: nor could he bear to be in the preſence of the adored object, till the hour when this deciſion was to be made: ſo as ſoon as he had made his fine ſpeeches, he mounted his horſe, and is gone to dine at Stockton's."

"Selina," enquired Orlando, "tell me honeſtly, my ſweet ſiſter, what you would do, were you in Iſabella's place."

"I am very glad I am not, Orlando; but I will tell you honeſtly as much as I know of my own heart—Were my father to ſay to me, as he has ſaid to my ſiſter Belle,

that

that to ſee me ſo opulently married would make his latter days eaſy, and ſave him from thoſe hours of anguiſh that now torment him about the future fate of us all, I ſhould certainly marry this old man, if he were ten thouſand times more odious to me than he is. To make my father happy, Orlando, whom I now ſee often ſinking under a weight of anxiety that is deſtroying him—to ſecure to our dear indulgent mother the comforts of affluence, if we ſhould loſe him—and to promote your intereſt, Orlando, and poor Philip's, and my ſiſter's, I would throw myſelf alive into the fire; or, what would be to me much more hateful, I would marry a man whom I abhor."

The fine blue eyes of Selina, on which thoſe of her brother were tenderly fixed, filled with tears as ſhe ſaid this—her voice failed her a moment—but her brother did not interrupt her and ſhe went on———

"But were only myſelf in queſtion: then, were I to ſee poverty and even ſervitude on one ſide, and General Tracy with his bro-

ther's coronet in one hand, and a ſettlement of ten thouſand a year in the other, I do aſſure you that I ſhould refuſe him."

"Generous, charming girl!" cried Orlando; "I do believe you, my Selina; and I rejoice that you are not expoſed to the alternative. Belle, though I love her dearly, has not, I know, quite your heart; and I hope does not ſo much diſlike this man, if it is indeed ſo probable that ſhe will accept of him—Beſides, the ſituation in life which he can offer, has charms for her gayer and more ambitious mind, which my ſoft Selina cannot taſte."

"What ſhall I ſay to my ſiſter is your opinion, Orlando?"

"That ſhe muſt conſult her own heart, my dear; for I cannot in ſuch an affair give any opinion. But now, Selina, as we ſhall not have half a moment longer together, tell me, could you contrive to go with me this evening to meet Monimia for the laſt time?" Selina, at firſt, ſtarted ſome objections—If they both went out together

together their deſign in going could hardly be concealed; and ſhe ſhould perhaps incur the diſpleaſure of her father and mother, who would not be well content that Orlando, whom they probably wiſhed to conſult on the important affair in agitation, ſhould quit them immediately after dinner. It was however, after ſome debate, ſettled that he ſhould go firſt; and that Selina, to whom every thing was ſoon rendered eaſy that could contribute to the happineſs of her beloved brother, ſhould follow him; for ſhe ſaid that ſhe might then perhaps not be miſſed; becauſe it was often her cuſtom to ſit of an evening with Emma up ſtairs, as they had uſually a great deal of work to do for themſelves and their mother; and though this was not a day when they could make that excuſe, yet their habit of doing ſo would make their abſence little remarked on an evening when a buſineſs was in debate ſo momentous as Iſabella's anſwer. The brother and ſiſter had hardly ſettled their little plan of ope-

rations, before they were told the dinner was ready; and on their entering the dining room the reſt of the family were already aſſembled there.

Mrs. Somerive, though ſhe had collected reſolution to appear at dinner, could not conceal the agitation of her mind—Orlando ſo ſoon to leave her, and the fate of Iſabella in ſuſpenſe!—Her dread leſt her daughter ſhould ſacrifice herſelf and be unhappy, oppoſed to her wiſhes that ſhe might be eſtabliſhed in ſuch high affluence, made her mind a chaos of contending emotions; while Somerive himſelf, reading in her countenance all that paſſed in her heart, and knowing, even better than ſhe did, how neceſſary ſuch an alliance was to the preſervation of all the family, was even more affected; but he had yet ſtrength of mind enough to conceal it better, and to appear calm, though thoughtful and melancholy, frequently turning his eyes on Iſabella, who ſeemed in a kind of elegant languor,

guor, the effect of her debate between duty and indifference; though, in fact, it had been held much more between averſion and vanity, in which the latter hardly needed the aid of any other conſideration to come off conquerer.

In a family party ſo ſituated, there was not, of courſe, much converſation, and the dinner paſſed without any body's eating, though each preſſed the other to eat, and affected to eat themſelves.—Orlando hardly ſpoke three words, and thoſe were addreſſed to his mother, the intereſting concern of whoſe ſtill beautiful countenance wounded his very ſoul. Diſtracted between the fear of adding to that concern by his abrupt departure, and of a failing in his appointment with Monimia, he believed this dinner, uſeleſs as it was, was the very longeſt he ever ſat down to. Juſt as the table-cloth was removed, he heard the clock ſtrike five; and, looking at his watch, which went by the great clock at the Hall, he found their own was ten minutes too ſlow.—Monimia

then was waiting for him in the wood, liſtening to every noiſe, and accuſing him of cruelty and delay! Before this idea, every other conſideration vaniſhed; and, ſtarting up, without even attempting an excuſe, he hurried away: nor had his father, who called to aſk whither he was going—nor the more tender voice of his mother, who cried, "Orlando! my ſon! ſurely you will not leave us!" power to detain him a moment. He ruſhed out of the houſe, and ran, with the ſwiftneſs of an Indian, to the great pond-wood.

By the time he arrived there, it was almoſt dark; but he diſcerned between the ſtems of the tall firs the figure of Monimia ſitting on the ſeat he had marked to her as the place of their meeting. Never before did he ſeem to love her ſo ardently as at that moment; his heart was ſoftened by the thoughts of their immediate ſeparation, while, oppreſſed by the occurrences of the day, it ſeemed ready to burſt.—Breathleſs from the ſpeed with which he ran, and hardly knowing

knowing what he did, he threw himſelf on his knees before her, and, ſeizing her hands, bathed them with his tears.

The trembling girl, who had been there even earlier than her appointment, and who had, amid an hundred other fears, deſpaired of his coming, trembling, and unable immediately to weep, hung over him, as with frantic geſtures he ſpoke to her; and when ſhe would have reproached him for the apprehenſions in which he had left her, her words were inarticulate; and it was ſome time before either of them was able to congratulate the other that they thus met once more!

Alas! the bitter certainty that a long, long ſeparation muſt ſo ſoon follow, poiſoned the pleaſure of their meeting: neither knew how to ſpeak of it, yet it was impoſſible for either to think of any thing elſe.

"You go to-morrow, Orlando?" ſaid Monimia. "Yes," anſwered he; and then relating what had paſſed in regard to Iſabella,

he added, that perhaps if his ſiſter determined to accept the offers of General Tracy, as he believed ſhe would, it might be in ſome reſpects advantageous to him; "for I underſtand," ſaid he, "that the enamoured old beau means, if his love is ſucceſsful, to return in a few weeks—perhaps three weeks or a month, in order to carry off his young bride; and that he has hinted to my father, that from thence forward, conſidering me rather as his brother than his protegée, he ſhall not only procure leave of abſence from the General of my regiment—for I am not in his, but in that where his nephew, Captain Warwick, has a company—but uſe his utmoſt endeavours to procure me immediate promotion. I own, Monimia, that though I think this marriage moſt prepoſterous, and that my ſiſter Iſabella is marrying merely for money; yet I am ſo weak, and I am afraid ſo ſelfiſh, that the idea of gaining by this alliance the advantage of ſeeing you, which I could not often do otherwiſe, makes me

half forget the diſparity of the ages, and overlook the abſurdity of a man of ſixty-five marrying a girl of twenty-one; indeed, whether I approved or diſapproved of it, would in this caſe make no difference; therefore, as I could not prevent the evil, if it be one, there is, I truſt, no meanneſs in my availing myſelf of the good."

Monimia felt a weight, heavy as the hand of death, taken off her heart, when he told her they were, in conſequence of this new family arrangement, likely ſo ſoon to meet again. Her mind, which had dwelt with horror on the idea of a ſeparation for months, perhaps for years, was now relieved, by ſuppoſing it might not be for more than three weeks; and knowing nothing of military rules, ſhe ſuppoſed that after the firſt forms of entering on his new profeſſion were gone through, he might return to the Hall; and that if ſhe could not, from that active watchfulneſs which her aunt might then renew, ſee him every day, ſhe ſhould at leaſt know that he was under the ſame

roof, or within a few miles of her; to know even that he was in the ſame county, was a ſatisfaction; ſhe ſhould hear Mrs. Rayland ſpeak of him, if ſhe was herſelf deprived of the happineſs of meeting him; ſhe ſhould ſee him in the park, and hear his voice ſpeaking to others, if he was not allowed to ſpeak to her. Perhaps Mrs. Lennard, convinced by this abſence that her ſuſpicions had been groundleſs, might leſs vigilantly oppoſe their future intercourſe. All theſe hopes—for the hopes of a young and inexperienced mind, are ſanguine and eaſily received—ſerved ſo far to aſſuage the pain Monimia had felt on their firſt meeting, that ſhe became ſoon able to converſe with calmneſs; and not only quieted her own troubled ſpirits, but endeavoured to ſoothe and compoſe thoſe of Orlando. Her voice had upon his heart the power of magic—deliciouſly ſoothing as it was, it excited that ſort of painful pleaſure which is only expreſſed by tears. From this ſtate of tender ſympathy they

were

were ſoon awakened, by a voice calling at a diſtance for Orlando.—Monimia ſtarted, in terror; but her lover immediately appeaſed her fears, by telling her what his haſte and the tumult of his mind had made him before omit, that he had appointed Selina to meet them. They now therefore (as it was ſo nearly dark that they could hardly diſtinguiſh their way) haſtened together towards that part of the wood from whence the voice came; and they ſoon met the poor terrified Selina, who, almoſt ſpeechleſs with fear, on finding herſelf ſo far from home alone, and in a night that threatened impenetrable darkneſs, trembled like a leaf, and ſaid to Orlando, as he took her arm within his, that the whole world ſhould not have bribed her to venture what ſhe had now done for him.

He led again towards the bench by the boat-houſe, though Selina preſſed him to return home as ſoon as he could.—"I tremble," ſaid ſhe, "and am terrified to death, leſt I ſhould be miſſed: my father indeed

indeed is never very angry; but juſt at this time I would not for the world add to the many cauſes of uneaſineſs which he has about the reſt of us."—

"Nor would I," replied her brother; "no Selina, there is not in the world any ſacrifice I would not make to both or either of my parents, except that of my affections for Monimia." He then, though both urged him to put an end to this interview, which ſeemed indeed only productive of needleſs pain, inſiſted upon their ſitting down by him; and, holding their hands, which he kiſſed as he united them, he beſought them to love each other when he was gone, and to conſider each other as more than ſiſters! He told Monimia, it was in cover of his letters to Selina he propoſed to write to her, and not by the means of the under game-keeper, as he had once propoſed; and he then enquired if they could not appoint ſome one day in the week when they might meet in that ſpot: "I ſhall then be preſent with you," ſaid he, mournfully

fully, " at leaſt in imagination—yes, however diſtant my perſon may be, my ſoul will be here! I ſhall, in fancy at leaſt, enjoy the delight of ſeeing together the two beings whom I moſt fondly love, and of knowing they are occupied with the thoughts of their poor Orlando! There is a ſtory in one of the popular periodical publications, I believe in the Spectator, of two lovers, who agreed at a certain hour to retire, each from their reſpective engagements, to look at the moon; the romantic ſatisfaction they enjoyed in knowing that the eyes of the perſon beloved were, at the moment they were gazing on it, fixed on the ſame planet, will by this means be doubled to me; for I ſhall know that at ſuch an hour on ſuch a morning my Monimia and my Selina will be juſt in this place; I ſhall ſee them—I ſhall ſee the eagerneſs with which Monimia will aſk for news of me—the pleaſure with which Selina will give it.—Every object round this ſpot will be preſent to me; and wherever I may be, however occupied

in

in my duty, my ſoul will at that moment be particularly here."

Selina, not leſs anxious to gratify him in this romantic fancy than Monimia herſelf, now named Monday, as the morning when this innocent aſſignation ſhould be made; and gave as her reaſon for it, that on that day her mother was leſs likely to miſs her, from her being then particularly engaged in ſettling her domeſtic concerns; and that as they did not always certainly receive letters from the neighbouring poſt town, except on Sundays, the morning of the following day of the week would be that in which it would be moſt likely ſhe ſhould have thoſe that were to be ſent her for Monimia.

Poor Monimia, with a deep ſigh, reflected, that if all this was neceſſary to ſoften a ſeparation of only three weeks (for Orlando had again aſſured her it would not be more), a longer would be quite inſupportable to them both. The deep ſound of the great clock at the Hall tolling ſix, ſullenly conveyed

towards them by the water, rouſed her from her momentary dread of future ſorrow to a perfect ſenſe of that which was immediately before her. It was neceſſary to haſten this dreadful parting; there was not a moment to loſe; for at a quarter paſt ſix ſhe was to be in the parlour to make the tea for Mrs. Rayland and her aunt, and the neareſt way was near a mile to the houſe.—Falteringly ſhe ſpoke to Orlando of the danger of her ſtay—he heard her, but he could not anſwer.—Selina, who was almoſt as fearful of being miſſed as ſhe was, repeated it.—"Come then," cried Orlando, dejectedly, "ſince it muſt be ſo, let us go."—He took one under each arm, and was moving towards Rayland Hall, when Selina cried, "Dear brother! you will not go to the Hall?"—"No," anſwered he; "but I will not ſuffer Monimia to go ſo far alone; therefore we will ſee her ſafe in ſight of the houſe, and then return."—"We muſt be very quick then," ſaid Selina.—"As quick as you can walk, my ſiſter;" anſwered

ſwered he, ſtill in extreme agitation: "for I care not how ſoon the pain I endure at this moment is at an end—I ſuffer the tortures of the damned!" The poor girls, terrified at the vehemence with which he ſpoke, and the wild way in which he hurried on, made no reply, and only exerted themſelves to keep up with him. In ſilence they aſcended an high ſtile, which in one place ſeparated the park; and in ſilence aſcended the hill which aroſe behind the north front of the houſe.—Monimia then deſired him to ſtop—"We are now," ſaid ſhe, "within ſight of the houſe, and there can be no danger for me."—"Within ſight!" ſaid Orlando: "How is that, my Monimia, when it is ſo dark that we are hardly within ſight of each other?"—"No," replied ſhe; "but what I mean is, that there is nothing to fear in my croſſing the park alone."—"I ſhall go with you, however," ſaid Orlando, "to the old thorn in the dell below."—"At the hazard," ſaid Monimia, trembling, "of our being met

met by ſome of the ſervants at the Hall, or people going home from their Sunday's viſits to them?"—"At the hazard," added Selina, "of terifying and diſpleaſing my father and mother?"—"At the hazard of every thing!" replied Orlando, with a degree of impetuoſity which neither of them had courage farther to oppoſe. They again became ſilent; and as they continued to walk very faſt, or rather to run, they preſently reached the place which Orlando had himſelf named for their parting; where Monimia again ſtopped, and diſengaging her arm from his before he could prevent her, ſhe ſaid, faintly, "And now, Orlando, God bleſs you!——dear, dear Selina!" She was quite unable to finiſh the ſentence; but, turning, would have left them, when Orlando, throwing his arms round her, wildly preſſed her to his boſom.—"Be not ſo much concerned," ſaid ſhe, trying gently to diſengage herſelf; "remember you have told me we ſhall meet ſoon—very ſoon again: Orlando! if you really love me—if you pity

pity me, do not, I implore you, detain me now."—"I will not," ſaid he: "God forbid that I ſhould injure, deareſt, lovelieſt——!" She was gone!—he ſtood a moment like a ſtatue, while her white cloaths made her diſtinguiſhable through the gloom.—Selina then entreated him to haſten home—"No!" he ſaid, dejectedly; "No, I muſt ſtay here till I hear the door, by which I know ſhe will enter the houſe, ſhut after her; and then I ſhall be ſure ſhe is ſafe." Selina could not oppoſe this; it could indeed take up but a moment—"Huſh!" cried Orlando, "do not ſpeak; let us liſten—ha! the door ſhuts!—Well, Selina, I will now go back with you; and a thouſand and a thouſand times I thank you, my beſt Selina, for your indulgence to me."

They then hurried back the way they came, and with as much haſte as the darkneſs of the night would permit: it was above three miles by the neareſt path; and Orlando, occupied ſolely by the anguiſh

guiſh of having parted with Monimia, uttered not a ſyllable; while Selina, exceſſively alarmed leſt her mother ſhould have miſſed her, felt her heart beat ſo much with apprehenſion, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe could keep pace with him.

CHAP.

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ON their arrival, however, at the houſe, Selina was agreeably ſurpriſed to find, from little Emma, who was reading in the room they ſhared above ſtairs, that ſhe had never been enquired for; that the General had arrived juſt before to tea, which was, on his account, ordered later than uſual; and that Iſabella, who had been below ever ſince dinner, with her father and mother, was now, ſhe believed, alone with the General, to whom ſhe was to give her anſwer.

The palpitating heart of Selina then became quieter: ſhe took off her hat and cloak, adjuſted her hair, and prepared for the ſummons ſhe expected to have to make the tea. Orlando a moment afterwards glided

up

up to them: he ſaid there had been no enquiries for Selina, and all was right.—"I went," ſaid he, "as is my general cuſtom when I come home, into my father's ſtudy, but I found nobody; and, from what I can gather from the ſervants, this important anſwer has been given, and our old brother is with his papa and mamma, and with his future bride; they are all ſettling the ceremony together."

"How can you laugh, Orlando," ſaid Selina, "at any thing ſo ſerious?"

"Nay," replied he, aſſuming a levity he was far from feeling, "you would not have me cry, Selina! If Iſabella is happy in this match, ſurely her family have reaſon to be glad of it; but one cannot help thinking of January and May!" Selina had read but little, and knew not to what he alluded; nor had ſhe time to reply, for at that moment Mrs. Somerive looked in upon them; ſhe ſmiled, as it ſeemed, through tears.—"Orlando," ſaid ſhe, "I am glad you are returned—Why did you leave us ſo abruptly

ruptly after dinner? But come, my children, we wait for you below."—"And are we to find there a new relation, Madam?" ſaid Orlando. "Is the General to compoſe hereafter a part of our family?"—"Your ſiſter has decided that it ſhall be ſo," replied Mrs. Somerive, ſtifling a ſigh; "and you, Orlando, will be pleaſed to ſee how much pleaſure this alliance (notwithſtanding there is certainly a too great diſparity of years) gives to your dear father. The difference of age is indeed the only objection: in every other reſpect General Tracy is a match infinitely ſuperior to what any of my daughters could have pretenſions to." Mrs. Somerive then led the way down ſtairs, and her children followed her.

During ſupper the General aſſumed, as well as he could, the triumphant air of a young ſucceſsful lover. Iſabella was ſilent, and affected reſignation to the will of her parents; while her father looked at her with eyes in which doubt and concern were mingled with hope and ſatisfaction. It

ſeemed

ſeemed as if he at once rejoiced in having his daughter ſo well eſtabliſhed, and yet feared that to the dazzling advantages of rank and fortune ſhe might ſacrifice her happineſs. None of the party ſeemed much diſpoſed for converſation; and as the General and Orlando were to depart early the next morning, they ſeparated ſooner than uſual: Mrs. Somerive in better ſpirits than ſhe would have been, if the General had not aſſured her that he would himſelf bring Orlando down with him, when he returned to claim the happineſs of becoming allied to her, and might call himſelf the moſt fortunate of men.

Calmed by theſe promiſes, of which ſhe ſaw nothing that ſhould impede the execution, ſhe beheld her ſon depart on the following morning, without any of thoſe paroxyſms of grief which Orlando had ſo much dreaded, and which he was ſo ill able to bear. Before the travellers got into the chaiſe, in which they were to go poſt

to London, the General demanded an audience of his future bride; and Orlando was at the ſame time cloſeted by his father, who enjoined him to preſerve his morals, to attend to the cultivation of that good opinion with which the General honoured him (points which a little experience proved to be incompatible), and laſtly, to make enquiry after his brother, and, if he could find him, to endeavour by every poſſible means to perſuade him to return home.

Orlando promiſed to obey all theſe injunctions, to the utmoſt of his power; and glad to eſcape hearing any other charges, which he might have found it impoſſible to obey, he received the ſummons now ſent him to attend the General with pleaſure; for nothing is more painful than the ſenſations which ariſe at the moment of ſeparation from ſuch friends, even though the abſence be but tranſient. The General had paid his compliments all round, and Orlando now embraced all his family with tears in his eyes. His father wrung his hand,

and

and once more gave him his bleſſing.—His mother could not utter the laſt adieu! but went back into the parlour with her daughters; while Orlando, ſeated by his military patron, left his paternal manſion as faſt as four poſt-horſes could carry him.

He was not diſpoſed to talk; but as the diſtance increaſed between him and Monimia—between him and his family, all he held dear in the world! the depreſſion of his ſpirits increaſed alſo; while his companion, as he approached the ſcene of his former habits, and thought of the raillery he ſhould encounter upon his new ſyſtem of reformation, became more ſilent and contemplative: the clamours of his miſtreſſes, of whom he had now three upon his hands, and the ridicule of his friends, aroſe to his imagination in a very formidable light; but then the beauty, youth, and vivacity of Iſabella Somerive ſeemed excuſes for a much greater folly than he was about to commit. He recollected many of his acquaintance, whom he was willing to ſup-

poſe much older than himſelf, who had married young women without half her attractions. He fancied, that he was weary of the diſſipated life he had hitherto led; that as he would ſoon be no longer a young man, but be *declining towards* middle age, it was time to have ſomebody who ſhould be truly attached to him; while his being married did not at all preclude him from gallantries, which he ſaw every body elſe purſue whether they were married or not. The greateſt inconvenience he foreſaw, was what aroſe from the precipitate affection he had ſhewn towards his nephew, Captain Warwick, the orphan ſon of his ſiſter, whom he had taught to conſider himſelf as heir to his fortune, who would be much mortified at the diſappointment. However, he reconciled himſelf to this objection, by reflecting that it would be very hard indeed if his kindneſs to his nephew ſhould prevent his gratifying himſelf; and by reſolving to make young Warwick an immediate preſent of a thouſand pounds, and to ſettle a very

very handſome income upon him after his death, that he might not be quite thrown out of thoſe expectations to which he had been brought up, when the General ſhould have a family of his own.

Nothing was farther from the General's intentions than to marry Iſabella Somerive, even when he had firſt changed his battery, and pretended to her honourable love; but he found ſo little proſpect of ſucceeding with her, even if all was to happen in her family as he had foreſeen, and he felt it ſo impoſſible to live without her, that what he had begun with the moſt inſidious deſigns, concluded at laſt in an honeſt, though an abſurd one: and having once taken the reſolution to commit matrimony, he endeavoured to reaſon himſelf out of every objection that pride, libertiniſm, or the fear of ridicule, continually raiſed againſt it. Iſabella, whoſe heart was perfectly free from every impreſſion in favour of any other man, had ſo behaved as to make the enamoured General believe, that only her charming reſerve,

owing to her ruſtic education, prevented her avowing her attachment to his perſon; though, on a thouſand occaſions previous to his ſerious declaration, ſhe had placed his vanity and affectation of youth in the moſt ridiculous point of view, and had ſhewn him that ſhe did not care a ſtraw for him.

But ſuch power has vanity in obſcuring the beſt underſtandings, that her ancient lover really ſuppoſed he could inſpire her with ſincere affection for him. Still, however, he felt an awkward kind of ſenſation, when he thought of the numberleſs gay young men with whom his blooming Iſabella would be ſurrounded when ſhe was his wife. Above all, he reflected with diſquiet on his nephew, who was reckoned one of the handſomeſt men of the times—he was three-and-twenty; and the General felt no ſatisfaction in being called uncle—Uncle! it ſounded ſo antique. Warwick, indeed, was never admitted to live with him; and he now repented that he had procured leave for him to come home from America,

America, in conſequence of a wound he received there, and heartily wiſhed him back again; but his return thither was not, according the General's own account, very likely to happen. If the preſence of Warwick at his own houſe in Groſvenor Place was not agreeable to him, that of Orlando was as little ſo; and, though not for quite the ſame reaſon, for another very ſimilar. Before the laſt conqueſt made by Iſabella Somerive over the ſuſceptible heart of General Tracy, at leaſt a third of it had been poſſeſſed by a young woman, whom he had purchaſed of her mother, and whoſe aſſumed virtue and great attractions had induced him to admit her into his houſe, where ſhe had reigned ever ſince very deſpotically. As he had not yet ſettled whether he ſhould part with her or not, or acquired courage to tell her his intentions, ſhe muſt, till he could make up his mind on this point, remain where ſhe was; and, whatever might be his future reſolution, he did not greatly like that the handſome,

young Orlando ſhould be introduced to her acquaintance. As he could not give this reaſon to Mr. Somerive for not aſking Orlando to take up his abode in his houſe, he had ſedulouſly avoided mentioning it at all. Orlando had never thought about it; but, occupied ſolely by what he had left, he conſidered not a matter ſo inconſequential as whither he was to go when he got to town. Tracy had once or twice led the converſation to topics which he thought would engage Orlando to ſay what he intended in this reſpect; but Orlando took no notice of it, till, at length, juſt as they croſſed Fulham Bridge, Tracy ſaid, "Mr. Somerive, ſhall my chaiſe and horſes put you down in London?—You know I ſtop on this ſide the turnpike, at Hyde-Park Corner; but the chaiſe ſhall go with you wherever you pleaſe."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir," anſwered Orlando, who never till that moment recollected that the General had not invited him to his houſe—"but there is no ſort of occaſion

occaſion to take your carriage.—I ſhall go," added he, "this evening to Mr. Woodford's."

That was a plan that the General did not quite approve of: he knew that, if his intended marriage was once known at that houſe, it would be inſtantly ſpread among his friends by means of the communication Woodford had with many of their families, which was a circumſtance he was not yet prepared for. The ambition of Woodford himſelf, and the malice and diſappointment of the two young ladies, would buſy them all in circulating the report; and the General, in love as he was, and determined to marry, had not yet prepared himſelf to ſtand the ironical congratulations of his male or female friends, but particularly the latter, on his reſolution of uniting himſelf in holy matrimony to the niece of his wine-merchant. Theſe thoughts made Orlando's intentions of going to Woodford's, which however he might eaſily have foreſeen, very unpleaſing to

him; and he remained ſilent ſome time, conſidering how he might guard againſt the inconveniencies he apprehended.

His reaſons for not giving him an apartment in his own houſe kept their ground; but he would very fain have prevented his going to Woodford's, at leaſt till he had himſelf taken ſome means to parry the firſt burſt of the ridicule he ſo much dreaded. He could not take one very obvious means to prevent the circulation of the news of his intended marriage, by requeſting Orlando not to ſpeak of it; for he had often remarked that he was quick-ſpirited, not without a conſiderable ſhare of pride, and affectionate ſolicitude for the honour of his ſiſters: to affect, therefore, making a ſecret in London of what he had ſo openly avowed in the country, could hardly fail of awakening the high-ſpirited Orlando to ſome degree of reſentment, if not of doubt in regard to the reality of his intentions. After a long debate on the ſubject, the General at laſt recollected

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that it was impoſſible to ſuppoſe Somerive himſelf would not write to a brother-in-law, whom he was ſo much accuſtomed to conſult, on a ſubject ſo intereſting and important; and that, therefore, any precautions he might take in regard to Orlando would be uſeleſs. It is true that his being by his intended marriage allied to his own wine-merchant, had before given him many ſevere qualms, which a glance from the arch and bright eyes of Iſabella had at once diſſipated: but now, as he approached his town-houſe, and ſaw thoſe bright eyes no longer, theſe fits of half repentance, originating in pride and prejudice, recurred with more force; and when he arrived at his own door, he ſtarted from one of the reveries thus brought on, and again ſaid to Orlando, "Shall my ſervants get you a hackney coach?"

There was ſomething in the abrupt manner of aſking this, which ſuddenly convinced Orlando that the General had no inclination to aſk him into his houſe. Piqued

by this obſervation, he anſwered coldly, that there was no occaſion to trouble his ſervants, for that he ſhould walk to the houſe of his uncle, and would ſend a porter for the ſmall portmanteau he had in the chaiſe. —By this time the General's valet de chambre had opened the chaiſe-door, and Orlando, who was on that ſide, got out. He ſtopped; and the General, as he followed him, aſked, in a low voice, ſome queſtion of one of the footmen who had been left in town, and who came to the chaiſe-door alſo: to which queſtion the man anſwered aloud, "No, Sir! ſhe is gone out." The General, turning to Orlando, who was coolly wiſhing him a good evening, ſaid— "You will certainly do me the favour to walk in?"

Orlando by this time comprehending that there was ſome lady uſually reſident with him who was not to be ſeen, and that he was only aſked in becauſe ſhe was at this time abſent, anſwered, that he would not then intrude upon him:—"but as I

ſhall

ſhall want the advantage of your inſtructions, Sir," ſaid he, "on many things of which I am totally ignorant, I ſhall be obliged to you to tell me where I am to receive your orders."

There was a coldneſs, and indeed a haughtineſs, in the manner of Orlando's ſaying this, that convinced the General he ſaw and was offended by the evident deſign he had himſelf formed of evading to give him an invitation. More diſconcerted than he had almoſt ever felt in his life, he again preſſed him to go into the houſe, which Orlando again refuſed; and then ſaying he hoped to hear from him at Mr. Woodford's, when and *where* he might attend him for the purpoſe of receiving thoſe inſtructions relative to his future proceedings which he had promiſed his father to give him, he again wiſhed him a good evening, and walked away.

Orlando had never been in London but once when he was about ſixteen, and had then only attended his mother on a viſit

for

for about a week in the ſpring, which ſhe had paſſed with her brother. He remembered that he never was ſo happy as when they left it, and, on a fine evening of May, returned from the ſmoke of the Strand, in one of the ſtreets of which Mr. Woodford lived, to his dear native county, where only there ſeemed to be any happineſs for him. Since that time he had never felt a wiſh to reviſit London; and in a melancholy mood he now proceeded along its ſtreets, recollecting little more than his way from Piccadilly to the Strand. Every object now wore a very different appearance from what they did when he ſaw them before. It was now a dreary, foggy evening in December, and juſt at the hour when the inhabitants of the part of the town he was in were at their deſſerts, ſo that hardly any carriages but a few ſtraggling hackney-coaches and drays were rumbling over the pavement. As he approached Charing-Croſs the buſtle became more; and the farther he advanced, the

throng of coaches coming out of the city, and going towards the play-houſes from other parts of the town, deafened him with noiſe: but it was a mournful reflection, that, among all the human beings he ſaw around him, there was not one intereſted for him. While the dirt through which he waded, and the thickneſs of the air, filled him with diſguſt, his mind went back to the dear group at home: he ſaw them all aſſembled round the fire in the little parlour—his father trying to diſſipate with a book the various anxieties that aſſailed him for his children, now and then communicating ſome remarkable occurrence to his wife as ſhe ſat at her work-table:—he ſaw Iſabella employed in making ſome little ſmart article of dreſs, and fancying how well ſhe ſhould look in it—and Selina, while ſhe and Emma were aſſiſting his mother in completing ſome linen for him, more attentive to her father's reading, often aſking queſtions, and ſoliciting information.

But when he had finiſhed this picture, his

his fancy, with more pain and more pleaſure, fled to the lovely figure of his Monimia in her ſolitary turret, ſighing over the tender recollection of thoſe hours which would never perhaps return, ſometimes wiſhing ſhe had never known them, but oftener regretting that they were now at an end. —He ſaw her ſtepping cautiouſly into the library, whenever ſhe could find it open, to take or to replace ſome book which they had read together—ſhe ſhed tears as ſhe read over the well-known paſſages he had particularly pointed out to her—ſhe dwelt on the pages where he had with a pencil marked ſome peculiar beauty in the poetry. He fancied he ſaw her take out the lock of his hair which he had given her in a little cryſtal locket, preſs it to her lips, and then, imagining ſhe heard the footſteps of her aunt, return it haſtily into her boſom, and place it near her heart. A thouſand tender images crowded on his mind; he quite forgot whither he was going, and was rouſed from this abſent ſtate of mind only

by

by finding himſelf at Temple-Bar. Recalled then from the indulgence of his viſionary happineſs to the realities around him, he recollected that he had paſſed the ſtreet where his uncle lived: with ſome enquiries, however, he found his way back; and, on arriving at the houſe, he heard that Mr. Woodford was out, having dined in the city; and that his wife and her daughters were gone to the play with a party of friends who were to ſup with them. He was told, however, by the maid-ſervant who let him in, that he was expected, and that a bed had been prepared for him by direction of her maſter, who had received notice of his intended arrival by a letter from the country the day before. Orlando could not help remarking to himſelf, that he was likely to have but a cool reception in an houſe, the inhabitants of which could not one of them ſtay at home to receive him; but he was new to the world, and his heart open to all the generous ſympathies of humanity. He thought

that

that relations loved one another as well in London as in the country; but he ſoon ſaw enough of theſe to make him reſign, with perfect compoſure, a too ſtrict adherence to old-faſhioned claims of kindred.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A Moment's reflection recalled the confuſed and diſſipated thoughts of Orlando back to the tranſactions of the day. He had never liked General Tracy much; and he now liked him leſs than ever, and regretted that Iſabella was to be his wife. He almoſt doubted whether he ever meant to make her ſo; and the idea of any deception raiſed his indignation. But he had nobody to whom he could communicate his thoughts: and it was perhaps fortunate for him that he had not; for his open, unguarded temper, incapable of diſſimulation, and deſpiſing it wherever it appeared, was very likely to have betrayed him into confidences with his uncle which would have hurt his father.

The

The moment, however, he ſaw Woodford, he ſhrunk into himſelf; and, inſtead of remembering that he had not been at home to receive him, felt only concern that he was come home at all.

Warm from a city dinner, the boiſterous manners of his uncle appeared particularly diſguſting to Orlando, who had lately been accuſtomed to aſſociate only with women, or with his father and the General; the converſation of the former of whom was penſively mild, and that of the latter ſo extremely courtly that he ſeemed always to fancy himſelf in the drawing-room. Orlando, therefore, was almoſt ſtunned with the halloo of his uncle on receiving him: he ſhook him, however, heartily by the hand, crying—"Well, my boy! I'm glad to ſee thee: though deviliſhly thou art bit, my little hero, to find that all that old Tabby's fine promiſes end in ſending thee to carry a rag upon a pole, and get ſhot through the gizzard by the Yankies.—Aha! I was right, you ſee.—Take my word another time.

time. I know the world, and never ſaw that waiting for ſuch chances anſwered—A young fellow may wait till he is grey on one of thoſe hags, and the devil a bit find himſelf the forwarder at laſt.—They never die; for o' my conſcience I believe they have each of them as many lives as a cat: and when at laſt they have the conſcience to turn the corner, it's ten to one but they bilk you after all.—No, no; take my advice another time—never depend upon them; 'tis better to ſhift for one's ſelf."

"Well, Sir," ſaid Orlando, whom this harangue equally tired and diſguſted, "you ſee that I have followed your advice, by embracing a profeſſion——"

"A profeſſion!" cried Woodford with a contemptuous look; "and what a profeſſion!—To be ſhot at for about five-and-thirty pounds a year! Hey? or how much is it? thereabouts, I believe.—A rare profeſſion, when a man ties himſelf down to be at the command of about a dozen

others!"—In this manner he ran on, nothing doubting the ſhrewdneſs of his remarks, and not meaning to be rude and brutal in making them: yet Orlando felt that he was both; nor was he much relieved by the change in the converſation that brought the General's intended match into diſcuſſion. Woodford was at once flattered by ſuch an alliance, and mortified that his own daughters had miſſed it. He felt proud that he ſhould boaſt of having *the Honourable* Lieutenant General Tracy his nephew, but was vexed that he had not had any ſhare in bringing it about; and this contrariety of ſenſations found vent in the coarſe raillery he uttered to Orlando, who was once or twice on the point of loſing his temper, before the entrance of the ladies and their party from the play put an end to a dialogue ſo very diſagreeable to him.

Young Woodford, who, having quitted trade to ſtudy the law, was now a motley compoſition between a city buck and a

pert

pert Templar, accompanied his mother and ſiſters; which he took care to ſignify was a great favour, and not owing to his wiſh to oblige them—but to ſee how he liked a young woman they had with them from the city, and who was the only daughter of a rich broker of the tribe of Iſrael, who had, however, married a Chriſtian, and was indifferent enough about his own religion to let his daughter be called a Chriſtian alſo. Her fortune was ſuppoſed to be at leaſt ſeventy thouſand pounds; and Mr. Woodford had long been ſcheming to procure a match between her and his Jemmy:—to which Jemmy declared he would condeſcend, if he could but bring himſelf to like the girl. But he "thought her confounded ugly, and had no notion of ſacrificing himſelf to money." The girl herſelf, juſt come from a boarding-ſchool, her head full of accompliſhments and romance, was in great haſte for a lover. Mr. James Woodford was reckoned, by ſome of his young acquaintance,

a very

a very ſmart, faſhionable man; and Miſs Caſſado needed very little perſuaſion to fancy herſelf in love with him.

The intended huſband of Maria Woodford, and a young man who ſeemed to have pretenſions to the other ſiſter, were the reſt of the party; who, preceded by Mrs. Woodford, now appeared. The ladies of the family ſpoke with cool civility to Orlando—the younger Woodford with the air that he imagined a man of faſhion would aſſume for the reception of his country couſin: but under this apparent contempt he concealed the mortification he felt from the obſervation that Orlando, who was always admired by the women, was much improved in his perſon ſince he laſt ſaw him.

With his two female couſins Orlando had never been a favourite, notwithſtanding his acknowledged beauty; and that for no other reaſon than becauſe he had never paid to their charms the tribute of admiration they expected from every body.

Eliza

Eliza particularly diſliked him, becauſe he had refuſed a ſort of a propoſal made by her father to give him her hand and a ſhare of the buſineſs. But the young Jeweſs, who conſulted only her eyes, immediately diſcovered, by their information, that this ſtranger was the ſweeteſt, handſomeſt, moſt enchanting man in the world; and that James Woodford was nothing to him. She had her imagination filled with heroes of novels, and the figure and face of Orlando exactly correſponded with the ideas of perfection ſhe had gathered from them; while the natural good-breeding which accompanied whatever he ſaid, and that ſort of penſive reſerve he maintained in ſuch a company, which gave to his manner peculiar ſoftneſs, placed him at once among the dear intereſting creatures with which her head was always full; and ſhe either ſo little knew, or ſo little wiſhed to conceal, the impreſſion he had made, that James Woodford and his mother perceived it, both with an acceſſion of ill-

humour which did not ſweeten their manners towards Orlando.

At ſupper every body talked together; though their eagerneſs to be heard could not be juſtified by the importance of what they had to ſay, which was chiefly remarks on the players, criticiſm on their acting, or anecdotes of their lives, of which the younger Mr. Woodford had apparently a great fund. Orlando, who knew none of them, and for whoſe converſation there was no vacancy if he had been diſpoſed to converſe, ſat a ſilent auditor of this edifying diſcourſe; now wondering at the importance affixed to people and events which appeared to him of ſo little conſequence—now comparing the noiſy group in which he ſat, with the dear circle at home, and his delicious *tête-à-têtes* with his ſoft and ſenſible Monimia—and not unfrequently looking with ſome degree of wonder on the roſy cheeks, diſfigured forms, and diſproportioned heads of the ladies—but eſpecially on that of Mrs. Woodford,

Woodford, whoſe cheeks were as red, and whoſe plumage waved as formidably as that of any of the miſſes. He ſoon determined, that till he could finiſh his buſineſs about his commiſſion, and prepare for his duty, he would take a lodging, and not remain where he was likely to find ſo little ſociety to his taſte, and where his reception was hardly civil.

Having taken this reſolution for the morrow, he felt no other wiſh but that the diſagreeable night would end; and totally neglected by every body but Miſs Caſſado, who now and then addreſſed herſelf to him in a ſweet ſentimental tone, he had diſengaged his mind from the ſcene around him, and was picturing in his imagination the turret of his Monimia. He ſaw her ſleeping; and her innocent dreams were of him! Every piece of furniture in the room, the books, and the work that lay ſcattered about it, were preſent to him. It was the image only of Orlando that ſat at the table of Mr. Wood-

ford; the ſoul that animated that image was at Rayland-Hall.

But from this illuſion he was ſtartled by Woodford; who, giving him a ſmart blow on the ſhoulder with his open hand, cried, "Why, Captain! you are in the clouds! Hey-day! what pretty plump dairy-maid at the Hall is the object of this brown ſtudy? Never mind, my lad—a ſoldier finds a miſtreſs wherever he goes; and though I dare ſwear thou haſt broken a ſixpence with her as a token of true love—ſhe will not break her heart, I warrant her, while there's a ſturdy young carter in the county of Suſſex—Come, moſt magnanimous Captain, cheer up! We are going to drink, in a bumper of ſuch claret as thou haſt not often taſted, Confuſion to the Yankies, and that there may ſoon be not a drop of American blood in their rebellious hearts!—As thou art going to fight againſt them, thou wilt help us drink againſt them—Come; your glaſs, Sir; your glaſs! and when that toaſt has paſſed, I have another."

Orlando,

Orlando, who was more ſhocked and diſguſted by every word his uncle ſpoke, now took his glaſs in ſilence; and Woodford, engaged in ſome of that converſation which he called roaſting, with another of the young men, let him drink the wine without inſiſting on his repeating words, from which, almoſt ignorant as he was of the nature of the conteſt with America, his reaſon and humanity alike recoiled.

But he did not ſo eſcape from the future toaſt with which his inſupportable uncle had threatened him. When the whole company had drawn round the fire (for their ſupper was now concluded), and every glaſs was again by the order of Mr. Woodford *charged*—he, who in dining out, and in the liberal potations he had taken ſince he came home, had already ſwallowed more than was ſufficient to elevate his robuſt ſpirits, ſtood up with his back to the fire in the middle of his family and his gueſts, and there gave a toaſt which had a very direct reference to Gene-

ral Tracy's marriage with his niece Iſabélla, in terms ſo very improper that Orlando, to whom it was particularly addreſſed, felt every principle of perſonal honour or general propriety inſulted by it, and poſitively refuſed not only to drink it, but to ſtay in the room while it was drunk. Being once rouſed, and feeling himſelf right, the vulgar ridicule of his uncle had as little effect as the more ſerious and angry remonſtrance of his coxcomb couſin, who aſſured him, that only his little knowledge of the world, and ruſtic education, could cover him from the moſt ſerious reſentment. A ſevere pang touched the ſenſible heart of Orlando, as he recollected that his beloved mother would be vexed at this difference between her brother and her ſon: but, when he related the cauſe, he was ſure ſhe would not blame, but commend him; and conſcious of all the dignity of an unadulterated mind, ſcorning to ſtoop to even an unworthy expreſſion becauſe it was authoriſed by cuſtom, or inſiſted upon by a rela-

a relation, he took his hat, and, wiſhing the ladies good night with great politeneſs, was leaving the houſe, when Woodford himſelf overtook him at the door, and apologiſed for his unguarded propoſal, by which, however, he proteſted he meant not to offend him. On this apology, and on an aſſurance that he ſhould hear no more of ſuch offenſive converſation, Orlando returned to the room, though fully determined to leave the houſe the next day.

The licentious and vulgar mirth, however, which Mr. Woodford choſe to call conviviality, was at an end after this incident. James Woodford, already deteſting Orlando, could hardly be civil to him: the lady of the houſe beheld him with a mixture of envy, contempt and terror: the miſſes, his couſins, felt only reſentment and contempt: but the little Jeſſica, gone already an age in love, admired his ſpirit, and adored his beauty; and when her father's chariot, with an old Hilpah who acted as a ſort of duenna in it, came to

fetch her home, ſhe made a tolerably confident advance to engage the "brave pretty creature" to eſcort her home. Orlando, however, either did not or would not underſtand her; and James Woodford, piqued at the preference given to Orlando, which the lady was at no pains to conceal, ſuffered her to depart alone.

The reſt of the party immediately ſeparated: the young barriſter retired to his chambers, hardly deigning to wiſh his country couſin good night—Orlando, whoſe trouble no kindneſs from this family had power to allay, as their neglect had no power to increaſe it, went to his room little diſpoſed to ſleep; fatigue of body and mind gave him up to a few hours of forgetfulneſs. At dawn of morning he awoke, and, as he knew it would be long before any of the ſervants roſe in an houſe where night was converted into day, he dreſſed himſelf; and as the day was to be dedicated to buſineſs, and he wiſhed to loſe as little time as poſſible, he went to breakfaſt at a coffee-houſe, and left

left a note for his uncle, ſaying, in civil but cold terms, that, as he had ſo many affairs to tranſact in a very ſhort time, he muſt keep very irregular hours, and therefore ſhould be a troubleſome inmate in a family; for which reaſon he ſhould take a lodging near the part of the town where his engagements lay, and ſhould only occaſionally treſpaſs upon him for a dinner.

From the coffee-houſe where he breakfaſted he wrote to General Tracy, requeſting his directions, as he determined not to call at his houſe. To this letter, however, he did not expect an anſwer till after one o'clock, as the General was ſeldom viſible ſooner; and he employed the long interval in writing to his family a ſhort account of his ſafe arrival in London, and in pouring out his whole heart to Monimia in a letter, which he incloſed in one to his ſiſter Selina.

General Tracy was in the mean time ſuffering, on one ſide, all the apprehenſions

of what would be thought and ſaid, when his intended marriage ſhould be known, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep him ſingle; and on the other, from his fears of loſing Iſabella, his paſſion for whom abſence did not promiſe to do much towards curing. Warwick had been returned from his recruiting party above a week, and had been ſeveral times in Groſvenor Place enquiring for his uncle; and the behaviour of the lady of the houſe towards her ancient lover was ſuch as gave him great reaſon to ſuppoſe that his intended reform was ſuſpected, if not known. Of this, however, he had no longer any doubt, when, going late in the evening after his arrival in town to the houſe he uſually frequented in St. James's-ſtreet, he was attacked upon this tender ſubject by all his old friends, and rallied without mercy. As he could not deny an affair of which they ſeemed ſo well acquainted with the particulars, he took at once the

reſolution to avow it; their ridicule then ceaſed, and Tracy returned home, glad that this firſt burſt of laughter was over.

But much was yet to come of a more ſerious nature, againſt which he armed himſelf as well as he could, by reflecting that he had a very good right to pleaſe himſelf, and that neither Captain Warwick, nor any of thoſe other perſons to whom he had given a claim over him, had any other dependence than on his bounty. To the women on whom he had made ſettlements, he knew he muſt pay them; but whatever he had done for Warwick was entirely voluntary; and as his nephew had no other dependence, he would hardly, for his own ſake, ſo behave as to cut himſelf off from a ſhare of his future fortune becauſe he could not have it all.

Armed with theſe reflections, he determined to end this diſagreeable ſtate at once, by telling Warwick what he intended for himſelf, and for him. And when his nephew, appriſed of his being

returned to London, waited on him the next morning at breakfaſt, Tracy, though he would rather have mounted a breach, plunged at once into the ſubject—informed Captain Warwick of his intention to marry, and of the immediate preſent, as well as future proviſion he intended for him.

Warwick, who had always feared his uncle's very youthful propenſities would, as he advanced in life, betray him into the very folly he was now about to commit, received this intelligence with more concern than ſurpriſe. He was himſelf of the gayeſt and moſt inconſiderate diſpoſition. In the height of health, youth, and ſpirits, the admiration of every woman he ſaw, and the life of every company he went into, his vanity did not allow him to ſuppoſe that he owed any part of that admiration to the proſpect he had of being heir to General Tracy's wealth; and, imputing it all to his own merit, he fancied himſelf ſuperior to the malice of fortune.

fortune. There were many poſſibilities which, on a moment's reflection, weakened the blow which this intelligence ſeemed at firſt to give to his faireſt hopes—His uncle might change his mind a day before it was executed—the young woman might jilt him—or, even if the marriage took place, he would probably have no children; and then he ſhould himſelf be ſo little injured by this match, that it was not worth thinking about with any degree of concern.—The thouſand pounds too, which his uncle promiſed him, was a douceur that conſiderably abated the bitterneſs of ſuch intelligence; and Warwick, rather through the careleſſneſs of his nature than from motives of prudence or policy, received this intelligence ſo much more calmly than Tracy expected, that his uncle appeared to be in a better humour with him than ever. This uneaſy ſubject once diſcuſſed, Tracy proceeded to inform him, that the brother of his intended bride, for whom he had procured an Enſign's

commiſſion

commiſſion in his (Warwick's) regiment, though not in the ſame company, had accompanied him to London, in order to equip himſelf for the ſervice, and to join that part of the corps that were in England. While he was thus ſpeaking, Orlando's note was brought in; and on Tracy hinting that ſuch were his wiſhes, Captain Warwick immediately offered to go himſelf to the young ſoldier, and give him every aſſiſtance and information that could be uſeful to him.

Inſtead, therefore, of a written anſwer to his note, Orlando heard a gentleman enquiring for him in the coffee-room; and on his appearing, Captain Warwick, whoſe figure and addreſs immediately prejudiced every body in his favour, introduced himſelf as the nephew of General Tracy.

If Orlando inſtantly conceived a favourable opinion of Warwick, *he* was yet more ſtruck with his new acquaintance. From his uncle's account, and from what his own imagination added to it, he ſuppoſed that

that he was to be a temporary bear-leader to a tall ſtraight-haired cub juſt come from ſchool, who wanted a drill ſerjeant rather than a faſhionable acquaintance: but when he ſaw, and only for a moment had converſed with Orlando, he perceived that he was one of thoſe beings for whom education can do little, and whom nature has ſo highly favoured that nothing can be added by art. The two young men, thus highly pleaſed with each other, ſoon entered into converſation, with that unguarded familiarity which accompanies generous tempers in the candid days of youth. Orlando ſpoke his mind very freely on the abſurdity of the match meditated by the venerable General; and Warwick as freely ridiculed it, while he could not help expreſſing ſome curioſity as to Iſabella, whoſe charms had thus brought about what ſo many artful women of all deſcriptions had been trying at for the laſt thirty years at leaſt. Orlando deſcribed his ſiſter as he really thought her—a very handſome girl,

girl, full of ſpirit and vivacity, with a great deal of good humour—a good ſhare of underſtanding, which did not, however, exempt her from being very vain, and ſomewhat of a coquette. It was on enquiries relative to her perſon, which he ſaid muſt be extraordinary, that Warwick dwelt the moſt—"Really," ſaid Orlando, "I have ſeen many women who are as handſome, ſome handſomer. For example, I think Selina, my third ſiſter, infinitely more beautiful, though I own to you ſhe is not generally reckoned ſo."—"Upon my ſoul," replied Warwick, "your family, Somerive, muſt be a very dangerous one—I ſuppoſe, though, I am pretty ſecure; for my good old uncle, or *young* uncle—I cry him mercy!—will not let me have a peep, for the world, at this future aunt of mine!" Orlando was glad to ſee that Warwick received with ſo much *gaieté de cœur*, an event which would have raiſed in the minds of moſt other perſons, ſo ſituated,

inveterate enmity againſt his whole family. Warwick engaged him to dine at a tavern in Pall-Mall; and they then went out together, that Orlando might know where to find the tradeſmen for whom he had occaſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

FOR a young man of the temper and diſpoſition of Orlando, there could not be a more dangerous companion than Captain Warwick. Indulged from his infancy, by his uncle, in every thing that did not interfere with his own pleaſures, and having no parents to reſtrain him, Warwick never dreamed of checking himſelf in whatever gratified his paſſions or flattered his imagination. His ſpirit and vivacity recommended him to ſocieties of men, where he learned to be an agreeable *debauché*, to drink without loſing his reaſon, but not always to play without loſing his money. His very fine perſon, and the ſoftneſs of manners he could occaſionally aſſume, endeared him to the women, among

among whom he was called the handſome Warwick, and with them loſt his time—but hitherto without loſing his heart. With all his acquired imperfections, he retained many inherent good qualities—He was humane, generous, and candid: his ſoldiers adored him; and his friends, amid all that faſhionable diſſipation in which moſt of them lived, were more attached to Warwick than faſhionable men uſually are to any body. Orlando, in the ſimplicity of his heart, thought him the man in the world moſt calculated to be his friend. Warwick was recruiting at Barnet; but, however, had obtained leave to be in London: and Orlando, who, after paſſing a few days with him, could leſs than ever endure the ſort of ſociety he found at Mr. Woodford's, took a lodging near Warwick's, and they became almoſt inſeparable. The General, embarraſſed between his love for Iſabella Somerive, which he could not conquer, and his preſent connections, which he knew not how

how to break, paſſed in a ſtate of mind by no means enviable the firſt week after his return to London; but the greateſt torments he was to experience had not yet overtaken him, for the ſocieties of faſhionble women, among which he had been the oracle, were not yet aſſembled for the winter. He dreaded, when he met them, not only the loſs of his conſequence, but the ſcorn and ridicule he ſhould be expoſed to. He wiſhed to be once married, when common civility would repreſs thoſe ſarcaſms to which he knew he ſhould be otherwiſe expoſed; yet as the preparations neceſſary for this important event, which he aſſured Mr. Somerive he would haſten, were to be begun, his reſolution failed: he wiſhed he had not gone ſo far, but had adhered to his former cruel plan, of waiting till the death of her father, and the diſtreſs and diſperſion of her family, which that event threatened, had thrown her into a ſituation in which it was likely ſhe might be tempted to accept leſs honourable

nourable propoſals. While the mind of the ancient lover thus fluctuated between the fear of loſing her quite, and the reluctance he felt to reſign his liberty to obtain her, Iſabella diſcovered no impatience for his return; but waited for her promiſed dignities with tranquillity, which her father was far from ſharing. The painful idea of ſacrificing his daughter to mercenary conſiderations, was not more ſupportable than that of leaving her deſtitute, together with the reſt of his family, of a comfortable ſubſiſtence; but, above all, the cruel deſertion of his eldeſt ſon, of whom he had now heard nothing for many weeks, corroded his heart with unceaſing torments; and thoſe torments were increaſed by the neceſſity he impoſed upon himſelf, of concealing them as much as poſſible fromh is wife.

The letters he received from Orlando were his only conſolation; yet even theſe were embittered, by hearing, in every one of them, that all his enquiries after his brother

brother had hitherto been fruitleſs. Warwick, who found great pleaſure in his company, had, very early in their acquaintance, learned the ſource of that anxiety which often clouded the open countenance of his friend; and, in hopes of meeting Philip Somerive, they had gone together, not only to public places, and to all parts of them which it was likely he might frequent, but to gaming-houſes and taverns of the ſecond claſs, where, from Orlando's deſcription of his brother's ſtyle of converſation, Warwick thought it moſt likely he would be found: but they gained no intelligence of him; and the very reſearch was not made with impunity by Warwick, who could ſeldom help engaging in any thing that was going forward. But Orlando's affection for his family, and for Monimia, ſecured him effectually from the infection of ſuch ſocieties—he had ſtrength of mind enough to conſider how much he owed to them and to himſelf, and to reflect how unpardonable his conduct muſt

appear

appear to his father, if, in undertaking to recover his brother, he ſhould loſe himſelf. Theſe reflections, and an heart almoſt inſenſible of all pleaſures but what were derived from the hope of paſſing the ſummer of his life with Monimia, were antidotes even to the influence of Warwick's example, who often gaily rallied his country prejudices, but never ſeriouſly attempted to pervert his principles—and ſometimes, in their more ſerious converſations, was candid enough to own that he ſhould himſelf be a happier man if he did not, rather than incur the ridicule of thoſe for whoſe opinion he felt only contempt, plunge into vices for which he had no taſte, and call purſuits pleaſurable, which, in fact, had no power to beſtow pleaſure.

Orlando had now been three weeks in London; for the plan of returning to paſs his Chriſtmas at Wolverton, which had been once propoſed, had been given up. The General, contented with having introduced him to Captain Warwick, had ſeen

no

no more of him ſince than common civility required, and was now gone to paſs that ſpace of time between the end of the old and the beginning of the new year, when it is very unfaſhionable to be in London, at the houſe of his brother, Lord Barhaven, who uſually remained at his northern reſidence till the end of January. The General had originally propoſed to return to Somerive's houſe at this time; but not having yet recovered the doubting qualms which he had ſince felt, he thought a fortnight at his brother's, where he hoped and believed no idea of his intentions could yet have been heard, would give his arguments on both ſides fair play, which now were ſo equally balanced: he ſhould be alike removed from the faſcinating charms of the blooming Iſabella, and from thoſe rivals who, in London, had many eſtabliſhed claims on his heart and his pocket. —He ſhould not, on one hand, be delighted with the ſpectacle of family happineſs and domeſtic comfort, which the circle at

Somerive's

Somerive's houſe offered to him; nor, on the other, dread the ridiculous light which the wit of his London friends threw on his intended marriage with a beautiful ruſtic, almoſt young enough to be his grand-daughter. In theſe reaſons he wrote to Somerive, lamenting the neceſſity he was under to change his plan; and alleging that it was family engagements alone that impelled him to do ſo, but that as ſoon as they were fulfilled he ſhould haſten on the wings of rapture to Weſt Wolverton, he ſet out for the North.

Orlando continued another month in town without hearing of his return, or wiſhing to hear it for any other reaſon than becauſe it would, he thought, be the ſignal of their going down together to the houſe of his father.—At the end of that time he became impatient—he had been now above ſix weeks abſent, and the letters he had from his family, but ſtill more thoſe he leſs frequently received from Monimia, irritated this impatience. The anguiſh

of mind that every week increaſed, while Mr. Somerive had no news of his eldeſt ſon, was by his letters forcibly expreſſed to Orlando, while his mother and his ſiſters gave him mournful accounts of his father's health. Mrs. Rayland's letters were, though very rare, the greateſt alleviations to his uneaſineſs that Orlando received; for they were as expreſſive of kindneſs, and of increaſing attachment to him, as the reſerve of her manner, and the formality of her ſtyle, would permit them to be; and it was a great and very unuſual degree of favour towards any one, that alone could urge her to write at all. The two letters he received from her, therefore, were conſidered by Orlando as being more unequivocal proofs of her ſettled affection for him, than any ſhe had yet given.

Still the time when he ſhould be permitted to return to the dear paternal ſpot, around which were aſſembled all the future hopes of his life, ſeemed inſupport-

ably long.—He was now in Hertfordſhire with his men; and only occaſionally obtained a few days to paſs with his friend Warwick in London. In the tedious days he paſſed almoſt alone in a little country town, his reſource was in books, and to ſuch as he could attain he applied himſelf with more avidity than he had ever done at the Hall. Thus paſſed the month of February, and part of March. Mr. Somerive then believing, with great appearance of reaſon, that Tracy was trifling with his daughter, wrote to the General in ſuch a way as muſt bring on a deciſion. In conſequence of this, the General, ſtill wavering, returned to London, from whence, and from his duty in Parliament, he had abſented himſelf ſince the beginning of the ſeſſion on pretence of ill health. On his arrival in town a circumſtance awaited him, which called him back to his honeſt reſolutions; for the young wôman, on whom he had profuſely laviſhed great ſums of money, who was eſtabliſhed in his

houſe, and whoſe ſettlement he had lately increaſed in conſequence of his propoſed marriage, had quitted his houſe the evening before that on which ſhe knew he was to return to it, leaving a letter, in which ſhe turned him, and all her former profeſſions of attachment to him, into ridicule. She took with her all the preſents he had made her, to a very conſiderable amount—gave him the name of a perſon whom ſhe had authoriſed to receive the annual ſum he was to pay her—informed him ſhe was gone to Italy with a young man of faſhion, whom ſhe named to him, and was his moſt obedient humble ſervant.

As the exceſſive vanity of the General had blinded him ſo far, as to make him believe he was extremely beloved by this young woman, who had always laughed at and impoſed upon him, he was thunderſtruck by an incident ſo unexpected, and cruelly mortified to find, that while he was meditating how to ſoften to her the pain of parting, ſhe was thinking only of flying

flying from him with a younger lover. His reſolutions in favour of matrimony, which pride and the dread of ridicule had at leaſt ſuſpended, now returned in all their force. He immediately wrote to Somerive, excuſing, as plauſibly as he could, his late apparent backwardneſs, and acquainted him that he only waited for the drafts of the ſettlements, which, as particular circumſtances in his affairs rendered much attention to them neceſſary, his ſolicitor had promiſed to have drawn up, and laid before two of the moſt eminent counſel—all which he was aſſured would not take up above a fortnight, at the end of which time he ſhould lay himſelf and his fortune at the feet of his adorable Iſabella.

The General however, though he was now really in earneſt, could not prevail on the men of law to make a forced march in his favour; and the fortnight elapſed in queries and queſtions, by which there ſeemed no other end to be obtained than that of increaſing the fees of the gentlemen of the

long robe, and the bill of attendance to the attorney. Somerive again thought himſelf trifled with; and the General, in order to convince him he was not, went down on a ſudden to Weſt Wolverton, where the charms of Iſabella regained at once all their power; and after ſtaying ten days, and renewing, in the moſt ſolemn manner, his engagements with Somerive, he returned to London, to make the laſt preparations for his marriage, which was fixed to be within three weeks. As it had long been ſettled that Orlando was then to return home to be preſent at the celebration of theſe nuptials, he heard that all was at length ſettled, with a mixture of pleaſure and pain.—The delight he felt at the idea of returning to friends ſo dear to him—above all, of ſeeing his Monimia, was embittered by reflecting on the ſacrifice his ſiſter was about to make in this unequal marriage; nor could he reflect without regret on the injury it would do to the intereſts of his friend Warwick, who,

who, however, ſpoke of it himſelf with philoſophic gaiety.

It was near the end of April before the General, who now remained ſteady to his engagements, could prevail upon the tardy ſpecial pleader, the puzzling counſel, and the parchment-loving ſolicitor, to complete their parts in this intended contract. At laſt however the General, attended by two of them, ſet out for Weſt Wolverton, and in a few days was followed by Orlando.

The day after his arrival was occupied till it was almoſt dark, with the ceremony of hearing theſe endleſs ſettlements read; and, as he was a party to them all, it was impoſſible to eſcape, even on pretence of the indiſputably neceſſary viſit to Mrs. Rayland; but the inſtant they were ſigned he flew eagerly to the Hall.

The ſight of the many well-known objects on his way—every tree, every ſhrub, recalled to his mind a thouſand pleaſing ideas; and as he paſſed haſtily through the

fir wood, where in a dreary night of December he had laſt parted from Monimia, or at leaſt paſſed a few agitated moments previous to their parting, he compared his preſent ſenſations with what he had at that time felt, and laughed at the ſuperſtitious impreſſion given him then, and on ſome former occaſions, by the gloom of the winter ſky—when he fancied that, in the hollow murmur of the breeze, he heard, "Orlando will reviſit theſe ſcenes no more!"

Every object, then wrapped in real and imaginary horrors, was now gay and joyous. It was a lovely glowing evening, towards the end of April.—The ſun was ſet, but his beams ſtill tinged with vivid colours the weſtern clouds, and their reflection gave the water of the lake that warm and roſeate hue which painting cannot reach. —The tender green of ſpring formed to this a lovely contraſt; and, where the wood of ancient pines ceaſed, his path lay through a coppice of low underwood and young

ſelf-

ſelf-planted firs—the ground under them thickly ſtrewn with primroſes and the earlieſt wild flowers of the year.

Hope and pleaſure ſeemed to breathe around him—Hope and pleaſure filled the heart and flaſhed in the eyes of Orlando; and perhaps the moment when he reached the door of the old Hall, though he was forced to ſtop a moment to recover his breath and recollection, was one of the happieſt in his life.

It had been the eſtabliſhed cuſtom, from his firſt admiſſion to the Hall, never to enter the apartment of Mrs. Rayland but on permiſſion; but now, as he had informed her from London that he intended to be at the Hall in a few days, and had received an anſwer moſt cordially inviting him, his impatience would not permit him to wait for this ceremony; and he hardly felt the ground beneath him, as he ſprang up the ſtairs that led to her uſual ſitting parlour, and opening the door, ſaw, by the faint light which the old gothic caſements

afforded at that hour of the evening, Monimia ſitting on the oppoſite window ſeat alone. He flew towards her, forgetting, at that moment, that the world contained any other being. Surpriſe and pleaſure deprived her as much of her recollection as they had done her lover; but it returned ſooner, and ſhe entreated him to forbear thoſe frantic expreſſions of tenderneſs which were ſo dangerous in ſuch a place. —"Where are the old Ladies then?" cried he.—"They are only walking in the gallery," replied Monimia, "as Mrs. Rayland was not well enough to go out to-day —they will be back immediately."—"That cannot be," cried Orlando impatiently, "for you know how ſlow their progreſs is; but let us not loſe a moment in talking of them.—Tell me, Monimia, can I ſee you at night as I uſed to do?—Are you ſtill in your turret, with the ſame means of leaving it?—Tell me, Monimia, I muſt not—I cannot be refuſed."

"Ah, Orlando!" anſwered the faltering Monimia,

Monimia, "deareſt Orlando! how often have I repented of thoſe dangerous, thoſe improper meetings; with how much difficulty we eſcaped, and how impoſſible it would have been for any other circumſtance than your abſence to have quieted the ſuſpicions of my aunt!—And ought we now to renew this hazardous correſpondence—ought we to incur again ſuch danger?"—Orlando interrupted her: "Ought we!" exclaimed he. "Is that a queſtion Monimia would have made after ſo long an abſence, if Monimia was not changed?"—"Changed, Orlando! can you think me changed?"—"Prove then that you are not," ſaid he, again impatiently interrupting her: "let me ſee you to-night; my leave of abſence is only for a few days, till my ſiſter is married, and I muſt not—I will not be trifled with."—"Oh, huſh! huſh!" whiſpered ſhe, "there is a noiſe! they are coming from the gallery!—I had better not be found here with you."—"Promiſe then, Mo-

nimia—promiſe me, and you ſhall go.—I will hazard every thing, even an immediate diſcovery, if you refuſe me." Monimia, trembling at his vehemence, then ſighed her conſent—and hardly knowing what ſhe was about, gathered up the work that lay in the window ſeat, and ſoftly left the room, while Orlando walked to the other end of it, aſſuming, as well as he was able, an air of unconcern; but before he had made a ſecond turn Mrs. Rayland entered—and ſtarted at the ſight of him, though ſhe had expected him either that day or the next.

He approached her with all that affection which is inſpired by gratitude; and as he reſpectfully kiſſed her hand, ſhe expreſſed her pleaſure at ſeeing him returned. He then paid his compliments to Mrs. Lennard, whoſe eyes he ſaw were thrown round the room for Monimia; ſhe returned his civilities, however, with great good humour. Candles were ordered, and Mrs. Rayland invited him to ſupper, and

to take up his reſidence at the Hall—favours which, with unfeigned pleaſure, he accepted. The old Lady, who had now long been accuſtomed to contemplate Orlando as a creature of her own forming, was pleaſed to fancy him improved, both in his perſon and his manners, during his ſhort abſence.—He had acquired a military air—he was more eaſy, but not leſs reſpectful; and ſhe fancied that he reſembled her grandfather's picture more than he uſed to do; but ſhe expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe not to ſee him in uniform, which ſhe ſaid, in her time, all gentlemen of the army appeared in uſually.

Orlando promiſed he would conform to what ſhe thought right in that reſpect—not however without ſome apprehenſions, that as he advanced in life ſhe would propoſe to him, in order that he might be ſtill more like Sir Orlando Rayland, whoſe portrait ſhe wiſhed him to reſemble, to purchaſe a tie wig, and brandiſh a ſword,

of

of which the guard ſhould be loſt in an immenſe ſleeve.

As Mrs. Rayland was not very well, having lately had an attack of the gout, to which ſhe was in the ſpring particularly ſubject, ſhe diſmiſſed the young ſoldier early; and it was with inexpreſſible delight that Orlando took poſſeſſion once more of his old apartments, which had been carefully prepared for him. It would not be eaſy to deſcribe the ſubſequent meeting between him and Monimia, who ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded to renew that clandeſtine intercourſe, which they had both ſo often condemned as wrong, and renounced as dangerous; but when Monimia could prevail upon him to talk leſs of his preſent happineſs, and to be more reaſonable, ſhe related to him all that had paſſed during his abſence.—Her life had, however, afforded very little variety, but was rather amended in regard to Mrs. Lennard's treatment of her, who employed her more than uſual in attend-

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ance on Mrs. Rayland, in order to ſave herſelf trouble, gave her more liberty, and was rather leſs harſh towards her than formerly.—She related, that ſhe was now often ſuffered to go to church, which had afforded her the opportunities ſhe had ſnatched to meet Selina and correſpond with him. Her aunt had apparently forgotten her ſuſpicions and anger when he was no longer near the Hall; and the diſappearance of Betty Richards, who was ſaid to have gone off (according to her own aſſertions) to Philip Somerive, and was reported to be ſupported by him in London, had been the means of eradicating entirely from the mind of Mrs. Rayland all thoſe ſuſpicions which the goſſip of the country, collected and repeated by the jealouſy of the old butler, had made on her mind; and ſhe now thought better of Orlando than if theſe doubts had never been raiſed.

Orlando, in collecting this from Monimia, ſaw too clearly the reaſon why his brother

brother had ſo carefully avoided him; and amid all the delight of which his heart was ſenſible in this conference, it felt a ſharp pang, when he reflected how great an acceſſion of pain this intelligence, which did not ſeem to have reached him yet, would give to the already wounded heart of his father.

Day unwelcomely appeared, and it was dangerous for Monimia to ſtay a moment longer.—Orlando conducted her ſafely back, extorting from her a promiſe that they ſhould meet every night during the ſhort time he was to ſtay. When he left her his ſpirits would not allow him to ſleep.—The morning was delicious, and a thouſand birds from the woods, on every ſide the park, ſeemed to hail his arrival. Again all the enchanting viſions with which youth and hope had formerly ſoothed his mind re-appeared—never did they ſeem to him ſo likely to be realized. His ſanguine imagination, no longer repreſſed by doubts of Mrs. Rayland's intentions to-

wards

wards him, which were now every thing but actually declared, repreſented to him the moſt bewitching ſcenes of future happineſs. The only alloy was his brother's indiſcretions and his father's ill health; but he believed he ſhould be able to obviate the inconveniencies of the one, and to reſtore the other, when he ſhould poſſeſs, what the courſe of nature rendered likely to be at no great diſtance, the property of Mrs. Rayland, which he meant to reſign to his father for his life.

"Happy pliability of the human ſpirit!" Happy that period, when youth, and health, and hope, unite to paint in brilliant colours the uncertain future—when no ſad experience, no corroſive diſappointment, throws dark hues over the animating landſcape; or, if they do, are ſoftened into thoſe ſhades that only add to its beauty! Orlando would not diſtinguiſh, in that his fancy was buſied in drawing, any but agreeable objects—Monimia infinitely more lovely, and, if poſſible, more beloved than ever,

ever, was the principal figure.—He ſaw her the adored miſtreſs of that houſe, where ſhe had been brought up in indigence, in obſcurity, almoſt in ſervitude; this gem, which he alone had found, was ſet where nature certainly intended it to have been placed—it was to him, not only its diſcovery, but its luſtre was owing—he ſaw it ſparkle with genuine beauty, and illuminate his future days; and he repreſſed every thought which ſeemed to intimate the uncertainty of all he thus fondly anticipated, and even of life itſelf.

The cool tranquillity of morning, the freſhneſs of the air, the beauty of the country whitherſoever he turned his eyes, had not ſufficient power to ſooth and tranquillize his ſpirits—he believed a book which ſhould for a moment carry him out of himſelf would do it more effectually; and returning to the library, he took from the ſhelves two or three ſmall volumes of poetry which he had himſelf purchaſed, and retiring to an elevated ſpot in the park,

park, which commanded a view of Monimia's turret, he attempted in vain to read; but the ſenſations he felt were ſo much under the influence of fancy, that they ſuddenly aſſumed a poetical form in the following verſes:

HYMN to LOVE and HOPE.

TWIN ſtars of light! whoſe blended rays
Illuminate the darkeſt road
Where fortune's roving exile ſtrays,
When doubt and care the wanderer load,
And drive him far from joy's abode.

Propitious Love and ſmiling Hope!
Be you my guides, and guardian powers,
If, doom'd with adverſe fate to cope,
I quit in Honour's rigid hours
Theſe dear, theſe bliſs-devoted towers.

Yet here, O ſtill, moſt radiant! here
(Attend this prayer of fond concern)
To beauty's boſom life endear,
Preſaging as ye brightly burn
The rapture of my bleſt return.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THREE days, three happy days to Orlando, now paſſed rapidly away. Divided between his father's houſe and the Hall, and appearing to conſtitute the comfort of both, he was himſelf gay and cheerful, in the certainty that at night he ſhould ſee Monimia. The charms of the ſeaſon; the beauty of the country, to which he was attached as well from taſte as habit; the tender affection of Monimia, which, though more guarded, was more lively than on their early acquaintance; the delight of knowing that his father's ſorrows were ſoothed and ſuſpended by his preſence; and that his mother looked upon his attention to her as overpaying her for every other anxiety; all conſpired to give value

to

to his exiſtence, and to blunt the aſperity of thoſe reflections in regard to his brother, which now and then would interpoſe and give him momentary diſquiet. He was not quite content about Iſabella, who, through the air of gaiety ſhe aſſumed, did not ſeem to be really ſo well pleaſed as ſhe affected to appear. The fulſome fondneſs of her ancient military lover ſometimes raiſed her ridicule, but oftener diſguſt, which Orlando ſaw with concern. But on theſe occaſions he reflected that nothing in this world is without its alloy; and that ſo many advantages would accrue to his family by the marriage of Iſabella, that as ſhe did not ſeem herſelf averſe to it, it was folly in him to think of it with concern.

On the morning of the fourth day after his arrival, he had juſt walked over from the Hall, where Mrs. Rayland had detained him to breakfaſt, and was engaged in converſation in the parlour with his father and the General, when a dark-coloured chariot, drawn by four ſleek dock tailed horſes that might

might have matched the ſet at Rayland Hall, was ſeen to approach the houſe, followed by three ſervants in purple liveries.

Mr. Somerive expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe at this, as he had not the leaſt recollection of the equipage: their enquiry, however, who it could be, was immediately anſwered by the appearance of Doctor Hollybourn; who, waddling out, enquired for Mr. Somerive, and was ſhewn into the room where he was ſitting.

Mr. Somerive was ſo little accuſtomed to receive viſits of civility from Doctor Hollybourn, or indeed any viſits at all, that he was as much ſurpriſed at this as he could be at a matter of ſo little conſequence. The very great condeſcenſion of the good Doctor, who bowed as low as his prominent ſtomach would let him, and whoſe ſpeeches were interlarded by all kinds of flattery, Mr. Somerive accounted for by recollecting that the Doctor was extremely fond of the company of perſons of title, and never ſo happy as when

when he could introduce ſome anecdote which related to his "brother the Biſhop," or to ſome Right Honourable or Right Reverend Friend. He had on the occaſion of their meeting at Rayland Hall the preceding November, paid his court moſt aſſiduouſly to the General; and enlarged upon the beauty of his brother the Lord Barhaven's ſeats; all of which, he ſaid, he had viſited. Somerive now therefore concluded that it was to the report of his honourable gueſt, and of his intended alliance with the family, that he owed this very obliging viſit; which, however, he began to think very tedious, and dreaded its laſting till the evening: when, at length, the good Doctor, after a pompous preface, ſaid that he had an affair of ſome conſequence to communicate to Mr. Somerive, on whoſe time he begged to treſpaſs alone for ten minutes.

Somerive, who could not imagine what a man with whom he had ſo ſlight an acquaintance could have to ſay to him, immediately

mediately applied this unexpected circumſtance to the idea always preſent to his mind. He fancied ſome ill had befallen his eldeſt ſon, and that one of his friends had commiſſioned this man of the church to break to him the horrid tidings; and then to pour into his wounded mind the conſolation his profeſſion enabled him to beſtow.

In an agony not to be deſcribed, therefore, Somerive led the way into his ſtudy; where the Doctor, after another flouriſhing preface, which Somerive in the confuſion of his mind took for a preparatory diſcourſe, offered to him for Orlando his daughter, the fair and accompliſhed heireſs, to whom he declared he would give twenty thouſand pounds down, with an engagement that at his death that ſum ſhould be trebled.

Though the propoſal gave no great pleaſure to Somerive, becauſe he diſliked Doctor Hollybourn, and was almoſt ſure Orlando diſliked his daughter; yet this converſation

verſation, ſo different from what he expected to hear, gave, while it relieved him from the moſt dreadful apprehenſions, the appearance of joy to his countenance: he thanked the conſequential Doctor for the honour he did his family, promiſed to communicate to Orlando the purport of their conference, and to wait upon them with an anſwer, or ſend Orlando on the following day. They then returned to the General and Orlando—the converſation turned on common topics; and the Doctor, though aſked to ſtay dinner, withdrew with his uſual dignity.

The General was now conſidered as part of the family; and before him Somerive, who had hardly yet recovered from his ſurpriſe, related to Orlando, as ſoon as he was gone, the purport of his viſit.

Mr. Somerive ſeemed at firſt but little diſpoſed to liſten to propoſals of ſuch a nature from a man whom he had always rather diſliked, and who now ſeemed to have made them, only becauſe it was ge-

nerally underſtood that Orlando was acknowledged as the intended heir to the great eſtates of the Rayland family.

Orlando very plainly declared his diſinclination to hear of them; while the General, by no means accuſtomed to conſider pecuniary advantages as matters to be ſlightly thought of, or haſtily rejected, aſked ſuch queſtions as led Somerive to explain the particulars of Miſs Hollybourn's fortune and expectations; after which he contrived to turn the converſation to indifferent matters for a few moments, and then walked away with Somerive, whom he very ſeriouſly adviſed to reconſider the matter before he ſuffered Orlando to throw from him this opportunity of becoming a man of fortune and independence.

The Doctor's propoſal, however flattering it would have been to many young men, even though they declined accepting it, gave to Orlando no other pleaſure than what for a moment aroſe in reflecting,

that, in thus refuſing an affluent fortune, he gave to Monimia an additional proof of his affection. His father, however, after his late converſation with the General, and ſome reflection alone, began to ſee this offer in a more favourable light than it had at firſt appeared to him; and notwithſtanding the little inclination he felt for the family of Hollybourn, he was now of an age and under circumſtances which gave to ſuch a fortune as Orlando was now offered its full value in his opinion. His mind, already accuſtomed to contemplate the marriage of General Tracy with Iſabella as a deſirable event, more eaſily accommodated itſelf to think with approbation of another match equally dazzling, when oppoſed to the preſent uncertain ſituation of Orlando. After taking, therefore, ſome turns in his Study alone, he ſent for his ſon, and entreated of him to forbear giving the Doctor an anſwer at leaſt for two or three days.

Orlando, who had never hesitated himself what answer to give, imagined it impossible to give it too soon.—"Surely, Sir," said he, "as I cannot accept this good Doctor's very obliging proposals, it will be useless and uncivil to delay a moment saying so, which I will say in a letter in the least displeasing manner I can; but which, however, I must beg leave to do this evening."

"I beg then that you will *not*," said Somerive in a more peremptory tone than he was accustomed to use—"In such an affair I will not act without consulting Mrs. Rayland."

"Mrs. Rayland, Sir," answered Orlando, "will, I am very sure, either not interfere, or, if she does, it will not be to recommend Miss Hollybourn."

"We will enquire that," replied his father coldly; "in the mean time you have my directions not to write to Dr. Hollybourn."

"Till when, Sir?"

"At leaſt not till after I know Mrs. Rayland's opinion."

"All the opinions upon earth, Sir," cried Orlando, "will not make me change my reſolutions."

"I thank you, however, Orlando," ſaid Somerive, "for avowing how little deference you pay to mine."

"Dear Sir, it was only half an hour ſince you ſeemed as little diſpoſed to liſten to this unexpected overture as I am."

"I had not then thought of it properly. You are young, and raſh enough to determine on the moſt important matters in ten minutes—I am not; and therefore I again deſire you will not write to Dr. Hollybourn this afternoon."

Orlando, a good deal hurt at this change in his father's ſentiments, and dreading importunity on an affair of ſuch a nature, then enquired if he might himſelf wait upon Mrs. Rayland?—Somerive anſwered, "You may, if you will at the ſame time

deliver a letter from me in explanation, and ſay nothing yourſelf till that letter ſhall be read."

This Orlando promiſed, being pretty certain that Mrs. Rayland would be much leſs anxious for this connection than Mr. Somerive ſuppoſed, who now deſired him to ſend his mother into the Study.—He obeyed; and left them to conſult together on this unexpected offer, and to write to Mrs. Rayland, with whom he propoſed dining, and had engaged to return to his father with her anſwer early in the evening.

Orlando now ſaw only perſecution and trouble preparing for him at home during his ſhort ſtay, for the tears and tenderneſs of his mother were infinitely more formidable to him than any other mode of interference.—To Selina, whom he called out to walk with him in the ſhrubbery, while this conference was holding, and this letter writing, he communicated all he felt. She had only tears to give him; for, to reſiſt her father's commands, or even his wiſhes,

ſeemed

ſeemed to her impoſſible. She trembled at the idea of Orlando's withſtanding thoſe wiſhes, yet knew enough of his invincible attachment to Monimia to be aſſured that he could never yield to them.

A ſervant at length brought to Orlando the letter to Mrs. Rayland for which he had waited, and he took his way to the Hall.

As he had promiſed his father not to ſpeak upon it before Mrs. Rayland had read the contents, he ſent it up by one of the footmen, with a meſſage importing that he waited her commands.

In this uneaſy interval he dared not go in ſearch of Monimia, nor could he detach his thoughts a moment from the ſubject of a propoſal which threatened to empoiſon the few days of delight which he had promiſed himſelf. Reſtleſs and anxious, he walked backwards and forwards in the Study with uncertain ſteps, now liſtening to every noiſe in hopes of receiving a ſummons to attend Mrs. Rayland; and

now believing, from the delay, that ſhe ſaw the propoſal of Dr. Hollybourn in a favourable light, and was writing to his father to enforce its acceptance.

At length he was deſired to walk up ſtairs; and, with a fluttering heart, he entered the apartment of Mrs. Rayland, who began by ſaying—"You know, I ſuppoſe, the contents of the letter my kinſman Mr. Somerive has taken the trouble to ſend me?"

Orlando anſwered, that he certainly did.

"And pray, Sir, have you any wiſh to accept this offer? An offer!—The world methinks is ſtrangely changed!—For a man to *offer* his daughter—is ſuch an indecorum—In *my* time ſuch a proceeding was unheard of—But however we live and learn!—I have heard that the way of theſe days is to ſend young women to market like cattle: but there is ſomething perfectly ſhocking in it to me.—However, I ſuppoſe, to people of the world it is nothing new or extraordinary.—Pray, Sir, what are your intentions?"

Orlando

Orlando immediately ſaw, and ſaw with inexpreſſible pleaſure, that Mrs. Rayland was averſe to the alliance with Dr. Hollybourn. He anſwered therefore—"My intentions, Madam, are to decline an offer which certainly lays me under great obligations to Dr. Hollybourn, but which the profeſſion I have choſen, and my inability to offer Miſs Hollybourn an heart ſuch as her fortune and merit give her a right to expect, render it impoſſible for me to accept."

Mrs. Rayland, pleaſed to ſee that Orlando had no wiſh to become independent of her, or to force her to a poſitive declaration of her future intentions in regard to him, which ſhe fancied his father wiſhed to do by engaging her to give her ſentiments on this propoſal, now ſmiled very graciouſly upon him, and ſaid, "I think you right, couſin Orlando.—Dr. Hollybourn is to be ſure a very worthy man:—his daughter, they ſay, is a young perſon well brought up; and the fortune is very large,

which firſt and laſt he can give her, beſides what he is always telling me he is to expect from his brother the biſhop.—But, you are yet a very young man, couſin; and in truth it ſeems to me to be time enough to think of marrying.—The *fortune* of this young woman is certainly very conſiderable: but, perhaps, not greater than at ſome time or other———(ſhe heſitated as if afraid of ſaying too much)—I ſay, by the time your ſettling in life is adviſable, perhaps you may not have occaſion to make fortune an object in marrying, ſo much as a good family.—Dr. Hollybourn talks of *his* indeed, which is not well judged; for there *are* people who recollect both the Doctor and his brother, the biſhop, in very humble ſtations compared to what they are now. God forbid, though, that I ſhould deſpiſe them therefore! not at all; that is not my meaning—And to be ſure *your* family, my couſin, has not of *itſelf* much pretenſions to match with ancient blood——(and again ſhe heſitated as fearing to betray her intentions

tions too far)—I ſay, if ever you are in a ſituation to marry, I would adviſe that you think of a woman of a good family at leaſt."

Orlando waited with impatience for the concluſion of this ſpeech; and then falteringly and eagerly aſked of Mrs. Rayland, if ſhe would have the goodneſs to put into writing her opinion on this ſubject?

This, however, ſhe refuſed, as ſhe ſaid *ſhe* would not appear to interfere in it upon any account.—"Will you then, Madam, take the trouble to ſee my father?—Will you allow him to wait upon you?—for he is ſo anxious for me, and, I believe, thinks this affair likely to be ſo agreeable to *you*, that he will hardly be eaſy unleſs he hears your ſentiments."

Mrs. Rayland, drawing herſelf up, as was her way, ſaid—"I ſhall be glad to ſee Mr. Somerive on any matter that relates to *you*, couſin, though on this occaſion I own it ſeems very needleſs.—However, you have my leave to ſay, that I ſhall

be ready to talk over this buſineſs with my kinſman, provided, as I ſaid before, I am not ſuppoſed by Dr. Hollybourn or his family to interfere."

Orlando, impatient to have this affair concluded at once and for ever, now aſked if his father might wait upon her that afternoon?—"When he pleaſed," was the anſwer;—and Orlando, fearing that if ſhe was left long to conſider of it ſhe might change her mind as his father had done before, now ran to Weſt Wolverton with the utmoſt ſpeed, quite forgetting that he was to have dined with Mrs. Rayland, or that dining at all was neceſſary.

When he arrived there, he haſtened to relate to his father and his mother, whom he found together, the purport of his conference with Mrs. Rayland; to whom Mr. Somerive agreed to go immediately after dinner, though he ſeemed viſibly diſappointed; while Mrs. Somerive, who had for a moment indulged herſelf with the hopes that her Orlando, inſtead of continuing

tinuing in dependence on the caprice of Mrs. Rayland, and of being ſeparated from her by an hazardous profeſſion, might be placed at once in great affluence, and in the immediate neighbourhood, relinquiſhed thoſe hopes with a deep ſigh, but ſaid nothing to her ſon on a point where it would now be uſeleſs.

Mr. Somerive, finding the General was gone on a viſit to Stockton's, from whence it was probable he would not return till half an hour after four, determined to haſten to Mrs. Rayland before dinner. He got on horſeback, therefore; and, attended by Orlando, on their arrival at the Hall he expreſſed to his ſon ſome apprehenſions that the lady of the houſe might be at dinner: but Orlando, whoſe impatience could brook no delay, declared, without a very ſtrict enquiry into the hour, that it was not yet time, and that he was ſure they might go to the parlour where ſhe uſually ſat, as ſhe had ſo poſitively ſaid they might come at any time.

Somerive,

Somerive, almoſt as anxious for the conference as his ſon, though from very different motives, agreed then to proceed. Orlando would have ſent up a ſervant, had he met one; but none happened to appear, and he walked before his father up the ſtairs, and, opening the door of Mrs. Rayland's ſitting room, he ſaw her at table, with Mrs. Lennard on one ſide of it, and Monimia on the other. He would have retreated; but it was too late. He was already in the room—his father already at the table, apologiſing to Mrs. Rayland for his unſeaſonable intruſion. She received him with civility, but without any degree of kindneſs or warmth—deſired he would take a chair and ſit down, and then ſaid to Monimia, who ſtood bluſhing and trembling, and not daring to look up—"Mary, you will withdraw, I have buſineſs with my kinſman."

"I beg I may not diſturb any body," cried Mr. Somerive turning his eyes towards Monimia, and immediately comprehending who ſhe was—"I beg I may be

be allowed to retire till dinner is over." "No, Sir," anſwered Mrs. Rayland; "I ſhall be glad to hear your buſineſs now, and I will diſmiſs my people."

Mr. Somerive again looked at Monimia as ſhe left the room, and he ſaw that Orlando was loſt, if his being ſo depended upon his attachment; for the extreme beauty, ſweetneſs and grace of Monimia, ſo unlike the cherry-cheeked coarſe ruſtic which his fancy had repreſented her, amazed and grieved him. He felt at once, that a young man whoſe heart was devoted to her, could never think of Miſs Hollybourn, and that he himſelf could not blame an attachment to an object ſo lovely, however imprudent, or however ruinous.

Mrs. Lennard now offered to withdraw; but her lady bade her finiſh her dinner, while poor Orlando caſt a melancholy look after Monimia, and then on the ſeat ſhe had left, which Mrs. Rayland deſired him to take. The dinner was ſoon removed; and then Mr. Somerive, in a few words, repeated the

the purport of his letter. Mrs. Rayland, even more ſtrongly than ſhe had done to Orlando, expreſſed her wiſh that the offer of Dr. Hollybourn might be politely declined; and though ſhe evaded giving her reaſons for it, Somerive thought he ſaw them unequivocally, and that, though ſhe ſtudiouſly avoided declaring it, ſhe had determined to put Orlando into a ſituation in which it would be not at all neceſſary that he ſhould marry, for money, a woman to whom he was indifferent.

Mrs. Rayland had very little art; yet ſhe fancied herſelf a profound politician, and never conſidered that, while ſhe forbore poſitively or even remotely to give Orlando aſſurances of poſſeſſing her eſtate, her inſiſting upon the propriety of his marrying, whenever he did marry, a woman of *family*, was in effect declaring that ſhe meant he ſhould be the perſon who was to perpetuate hers, on which ſhe put ſo high a value, and thus to efface, in the illuſtrious blood of his poſterity, that alloy which the

inferiority

inferiority of the Somerives had mingled with that of the Raylands.

Somerive, convinced of this even from the pains ſhe took to conceal it, yielded at once to her wiſhes, and aſſured her he would permit Orlando with great politeneſs to decline Dr. Hollybourn's propoſal; yet as he continued to liſten to her harangues upon *family*, he could not help looking ſignificantly at Orlando—looks which his ſon perfectly underſtood to ſay, "How will this accord with your attachment to the young perſon who was this moment diſmiſſed by Mrs. Rayland, as one of "her people?"

The old Lady, however, was hardly ever in ſo good humour with her relations as ſhe became after this affair was diſcuſſed; and Mr. Somerive never left the houſe ſo full of hopes that his family would be its poſſeſſors as he did after this interview, when he returned home in good ſpirits, though entirely relinquiſhing the idea of Orlando's becoming the nephew of a biſhop.

Orlando

Orlando himſelf, though impatient to write and diſpatch the letter to Dr. Hollybourn, yet ſtaid at the Hall to drink tea, by the deſire of Mrs. Rayland, who gently chid him for deſerting her at dinner. It was with more pain than pleaſure that he heard Monimia ſent for to make the tea, which had hardly happened twice within the laſt three years when he was in the houſe. Mrs. Lennard caſt a look at him when her Lady ordered her niece to be called: but ſhe could make no objection without raiſing thoſe ſuſpicions which ſhe ever appeared ſo ſolicitous to prevent. Monimia then attended. Orlando treated her as a ſtranger, whom he was ſlightly acquainted with; and Mrs. Rayland did not appear to have the remoteſt ſuſpicion that he had any particular regard for her: ſo friendly to him, as it happened, had been the miſtakes and interpretations which the jealouſy of Pattenſon had put upon thoſe circumſtances that had ſo frequently threatened to betray him.

He

He had ſettled with Monimia, the preceding night, to ſtay ſupper with his father, and return to their uſual rendezvous; and their ſtolen glances during the half hour that they were together, in the preſence of the two old ladies, confirmed this appointment.

Early in the evening, then, Orlando took leave of Mrs. Rayland, and went back to the houſe of his father, whoſe uncommon good ſpirits had diffuſed more than uſual gaiety among his family. Mrs. Somerive and Selina were particularly cheerful—the mother, becauſe ſhe ſaw her huſband for a moment happy, and forgetting the concern he continually felt about Philip, in looking forward to the proſperity of his brother—while Selina, who had trembled for the teaſing perſecution ſhe apprehended for Orlando, was delighted to find that her father would forbear to urge him on ſuch a ſubject, and had acquired new confidence in the future intentions of Mrs. Rayland.

Iſabella, whoſe marriage was now within a week

a week to take place, and who had juſt received from London ſome of thoſe elegant clothes which her father had ordered for her, as well as ſome magnificent preſents from the General, was the leaſt gay of the party: amidſt all her endeavours to perſuade herſelf that ſhe was happy, ſhe had of late, and particularly ſince ſhe had poſſeſſed theſe fineries, often enquired of herſelf whether they really had any power to beſtow happineſs. She had tried on her diamond ear-rings, and a valuable pearl neck-lace; but ſhe could not diſcover that ſhe looked at all handſomer in them than when ſhe wore nothing but a ſimple ribband. The General's valet de chambre had dreſſed her hair; but ſhe thought the mode unbecoming to her face, and the beautiful dark auburn hue, which had been ſo much admired, was no longer diſtinguiſhable. As for her intended huſband, he was ſo far from having made any progreſs in her affections ſince he had been received as ſuch, that her contempt was converted

verted into diſguſt. His ſervants had been talking among thoſe of Somerive, of his gallantries, and, above all, of the ſudden deſertion of the lady who lived with him; of all which Iſabella had heard from her maid, and the longer ſhe liſtened to, or thought of the anecdotes thus collected, the greater became her repugnance; and yet ſhe knew not how to retract, and was not always ſure that ſhe wiſhed it.

Her gravity was eaſily accounted for, as the day approached that was to divide her from her family; and ſhe was ſuffered, after ſome gentle raillery, to be ſilent and penſive amidſt the cheerful converſation of the reſt.

It was a lovely evening in early May. Orlando, having diſpatched his letter, diſmiſſed Dr. Hollybourn and the diſagreeable heireſs from his mind, and gave it up only to pleaſurable impreſſions and flattering hopes. In a happier frame of mind than he almoſt ever was in before, he joined his family in their evening walk. When they reached the houſe, they ſtopped

in

in the court before it, to admire the beauty of the moon, and to liſten to the nightingale, who ſeemed to be addreſſing to that beautiful planet her plaintive oriſons. Orlando wiſhed himſelf with Monimia; and thought with delight that within two hours he ſhould be ſo, and ſhould relate the unpleaſant alarm of the day, only to tell her it was over, and had eventually been fortunate in drawing from Mrs. Rayland declarations more than ever favourable to his future hopes.

The whole party ſat down to ſupper in this cheerful diſpoſition. The General, like a happy lover, was particularly animated; and the younger girls were much amuſed by ſome anecdotes he was relating, when a ſervant entered haſtily, and ſaid that a gentleman who was juſt come poſt from London deſired to ſpeak to General Tracy.

"To me!" cried the General, changing countenance: "Impoſſible! I know no buſineſs any one can have with me that ſhould give him that trouble. Pray, enquire

quire his name, or ſend my ſervants to enquire."

"I will go myſelf, General," ſaid Orlando. "I thank you," cried Tracy, affecting great unconcern; "but I dare ſay it is nothing worth your troubling yourſelf to go out for."

Orlando, however, went out, and inſtantly returned bringing with him Captain Warwick.

Surpriſe was viſible on the faces of all the party, but that of General Tracy expreſſed conſternation—*Why* Warwick came he could not conjecture; but he felt it to be extremely diſagreeable to him that he came at all. Warwick was covered with duſt, and had that wild and fatigued look that announces tumult of ſpirit from an hot and rapid journey. The perſon, however, that nature had given him, was ſuch as no diſadvantageous circumſtance could obſcure. He looked like a young hero juſt returned unhurt from the field to recount its triumphs.

After addreſſing his uncle, and being introduced

troduced to Mr. and Mrs. Somerive, he turned gaily to Orlando, and, ſhaking him by the hand, ſaid, "I don't know, my friend, how you can ever forgive the man whoſe fortune it is to announce to you that you muſt quit immediately ſuch a circle of friends as I now find you in!"

"Quit them!" exclaimed Mrs. Somerive. "Quit us! leave us!" cried her huſband.—"Yes, indeed!" anſwered Warwick with leſs vivacity: "That part of our regiment which is in England, conſiſting of two companies, is ordered to join the troops that are going thither, and are to ſail from Portſmouth next week. The moment I was ſure of this, which was not till late laſt night, I thought it beſt to come down myſelf; becauſe the time is ſo ſhort that my friend here, the young ancient *, had better proceed immediately from hence to Portſmouth."

Never was a greater, a more ſudden change, than theſe few words made in the diſpoſitions of all preſent—except Tracy,

* Enſign.

whoſe

whoſe only diſtreſs was the appearance of Warwick, where he ſo little wiſhed to ſee him. Mrs. Somerive, ſtruck to the heart by the cruel idea of loſing Orlando, retired in ſilent tears; and her daughters, little leſs affected, followed her. Somerive bore this painful intelligence with more apparent fortitude; but he felt it with even greater ſeverity, and with ſomething like a pre-poſſeſſion that he ſhould never ſee Orlando again if he left England. He ſtifled, however, his emotions, and endeavoured to do the honours of his houſe to his unexpected viſitor; but the effort was too painful to be long ſupported, and in a few moments he left the room, ſaying to Orlando, that as the General and Captain Warwick might perhaps have ſome buſineſs, they would leave them together.

CHAP. IX.

MR. Somerive threw himſelf into a chair, and, claſping his hands eagerly together, exclaimed, "Good God! what is to be done now?"

"Nothing, my dear Sir," replied Orlando, "can or ought to be done, but for me to obey the orders I have received; and, I beſeech you, do not ſuffer a matter ſo much in courſe, or which might have been ſo eaſily foreſeen, to make you unhappy!"

"What will become of me," cried Somerive wildly, "when you, Orlando, are gone?—And your brother, your unhappy brother! is a miſery rather than a protection to your ſiſters, to your mother . . . .!"

"They will want no protector, Sir," ſaid

ſaid Orlando, much affected by his father's diſtreſs, "while you live—and . . . . . !"

"That will be but a very little while, my ſon! the cruelty of your brother has broken my heart! While you were all that could make me amends, the wound, however incurable, was not immediately mortal; but now——— !"

He put his hands on his heart, as if he really felt there the incurable wound he deſcribed bleed afreſh. Orlando, concealing his own concern as well as he could, endeavoured to ſooth his father, by repreſenting to him that this was always likely to happen, and that probably a few months would reſtore him to his family.—Somerive liſtened to nothing but his own overwhelming apprehenſions, and caſt his thoughts around to every remedy that might be applied to ſo great an evil. The aſſurance General Tracy had given him that there was no likelihood Orlando ſhould be ſent abroad, now appeared a cruel deception, which had betrayed him into ſuch

folly and raſhneſs as ſending into the army that ſon on whom reſted all the dependence of his family.—Bitterly repenting what he could not now recall, he caught at the hope that Mrs. Rayland might interpoſe to prevent her favourite's being expoſed to the dangers of an American campaign—"You cannot go," cried Somerive, after a moment's pauſe; "Mrs. Rayland will never ſuffer it—it will be renouncing all the advantages ſhe offers you."

"I muſt then renounce them, Sir," ſaid Orlando; "becauſe I muſt otherwiſe renounce my honour.—What figure, I beſeech you, would a man make, who having in December accepted a commiſſion, ſhould reſign it in May becauſe he is ordered abroad? My dear Sir, could you wiſh ſuch an inſtance ſhould happen in the perſon of your Orlando?"

The unhappy father could not but acknowledge the truth of what Orlando ſaid; but his heart, ſtill unable to reſiſt the pain inflicted by the idea of loſing him, clung invo-

involuntarily to the hope that the attachment of Mrs. Rayland might furniſh him with an excuſe for withdrawing from the army, and the greatneſs of the object for which he ſtaid juſtify his doing ſo to the world.—Orlando in vain contended that this could not be, and beſought his father not to give to his mother any expectations that it could—"Conſider, Sir," ſaid he, "that my mother will ſuffer enough; and let us try rather to ſoften thoſe ſufferings than to aggravate them by ſuſpenſe, and by thoſe fallacious hopes which will ſerve only to irritate her concern: when my going to whither my duty calls me is known to be inevitable, my mother, with all her tenderneſs of heart, is too reaſonable either fruitleſsly to oppoſe or immeaſurably to lament it—ſhe would deſpiſe a young man who ſhrunk from his profeſſion becauſe there was danger in it, and, I am ſure, affectionate as ſhe is, would rather ſee her ſon dead with honour, than living under the ſtigma of cowardice!"

"I believe you are right, Orlando," replied Somerive; "and I will endeavour, my ſon, to conquer this ſelfiſh weakneſs.—But Mrs. Rayland, it is neceſſary you immediately ſee her."—"I ſhall go thither to-night, Sir," ſaid Orlando, "that I may wait upon her early in the morning; but do not, I entreat you, harbour an idea that Mrs. Rayland will even *wiſh* to prevent my departure."

Somerive now, at the earneſt entreaty of Orlando, promiſed to compoſe himſelf before he went to his wife and daughters, and not to encourage their want of fortitude, by ſhewing himſelf wholly deficient in it. He then wiſhed him good night, ſaying, that he would ſpeak a few words to Captain Warwick, and then go to the Hall.

Somerive retired with an oppreſſed heart; and Orlando entreated Warwick to walk with him part of the way. He then heard that he muſt go to Portſmouth within two days; and Warwick, who ſpoke of it with all the indifference of a ſoldier

long

long uſed to theſe ſudden orders, proceeded to talk of other matters.—"Do you know," ſaid he, "that I am in love with all your ſiſters, my friend? but particularly with my future aunt?—Orlando, I ſhall be a very *loving* nephew.—What eyes the rogue has!—Egad, I ſhall be always commending the Portugueſe faſhion of marrying one's aunt—that is, if our old boy ſhould have the conſcience to make an honourable retreat."

"You are a happy man, Warwick," anſwered Orlando: "How lightly you can talk of what would depreſs half the young fellows in England—the chance of loſing ſuch a fortune as the General's marriage may deprive you of!"

"Oh, hang it!" replied Warwick, "'tis not the fortune I mind, for I ſuppoſe I ſhall have ſome of it at laſt, unleſs ſome little couſins ſhould have the ill nature to appear againſt me; but I hate that ſuch a lovely girl as this Iſabella of yours ſhould be ſacrificed to my poor old uncle, whom, if you could ſee him

in the morning, before he is, like Lord Ogleby, wound up for the day, you would vote to be much fitter for flannels and a good old nurſe, than for a huſband to a girl of nineteen—and ſuch a girl! upon my ſoul, ſhe is a little divinity!"

"Not half ſo intereſting in my mind," ſaid Orlando, "as the ſoft, ſenſible Selina."

"You are no judge of your ſiſters—Selina, that is I ſuppoſe the ſecond, is a beautiful Madonna; but Iſabella, my moſt reſpectable aunt, is a Thalia, a Euphroſyne.—I have a great notion, Somerive, that ſhe would prefer the nephew to the uncle—I have half a mind to try."

"There is hardly time for the experiment, I fear," anſwered Orlando; who made an effort to be as unconcerned as his friend.

"Not time!" cried Warwick. "Yes, there is time enough for a ſoldier accuſtomed to carry every point by a *coup de main*—I own, indeed, for an approach by ſap I ſhould be too much limited.—Orlando,

lando, ſhall I try my military ſkill? have I your leave?—Or ſhould you object to exchange the intended grave Governor for the Soldier of fortune?"

"Not I, indeed," anſwered Orlando; "you have my permiſſion, Warwick—and ſo now I will wiſh you good night; for, if I take you any farther, you will not find your way back."

"Truſt that to me, Orlando," anſwered his friend; "*I* am uſed to reconnoitre in all lights, from the golden rays of Phœbus to the accommodating beams of the paper lantern of an apple-woman at the corner of a ſtreet in a country town.—But whither art going, my friend? for that is a queſtion which I ſet forth without aſking."

"To the Hall," replied Orlando.

"To the Hall!—and to the turret of that Hall!—Oh! you happy dog!"—

"Monimia—my angel!—It was not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone!"

"Hah, my friend! has your ſweet nymph of the enchanted tower no para-

nymph that you could introduce me to? It will be horribly flat for me to go back, to go to my ſolitary couch, and envy you here, and my proſperous uncle there—I ſhall hang myſelf before morning."

Orlando, hurt at this light way of naming Monimia, anſwered rather coldly, "Your ſpirits are really enviable, Warwick; but do not let them hurry you into a perſuaſion that I am happy enough now to be amuſed with them, pleaſant as they are!"

"Why, what the devil's the matter with you?" anſwered Warwick; "you are not going to turn parſon, I trow? But really ſo dolorous a tone is fit only for the pulpit of a methodiſt.—Why, what makes you *unhappy*, when ſuch a girl as you deſcribe Monimia——"

Orlando interrupted him warmly—"You are determined to miſtake me, Captain Warwick! Whatever confidence I have repoſed in you in regard to Monimia, ſurely I have never ſaid any thing that ſhould authoriſe you to ſpeak thus lightly of her.

It

It is true that I love her paſſionately, that her heart is mine; but if you ſuppoſe——"

"Pooh, pooh! I ſuppoſe nothing—Pr'ythee do not be ſo grave about your little Hero, my dear Leander!"—Then aſſuming a more ſerious tone, he added: "But, upon my ſoul, I mean nothing offenſive, my friend; and rattled as much to diſguiſe my own heavineſs as to divert yours, for I have left people with whom I ſhould much rather have remained a little longer, and that without having time to attempt conſoling the gentle heart that is breaking for me." He then communicated to Orlando an intrigue in which he had engaged after he left him. Orlando repreſented to him all the cruelty and folly of his conduct.—"Oh! yes," cried Warwick; "all that you ſay is very wiſe and very true, and it muſt be owned that it comes with peculiar propriety from you, my moſt ſage friend!—Now that we are within ſight of the Hall, for, if I miſtake not, that great building which is before us

is the abode of the ſybil whoſe rent-roll exceeds in value the famous leaves of antiquity, and of the fair veſtal, who——"

"Nay, nay!" cried Orlando, "you are beginning again; I will not ſtay to hear you."

"Only let me go with you to the next riſe," anſwered Warwick; "only ſhew me the light from the turret, and I will be content:

"It is the Eaſt—and Juliet is the Sun!"

And then I will go back like a miſerable wretch as I am, and try to dream of my future aunt."

"Rather try not to dream of her," ſaid Orlando; "upon my honour, Warwick, this *gaieté de cœur* of yours excites at once my envy and my fear."

"Oh! a ſoldier, and afraid!—What, do you think I ſhall releaſe the General's fair priſoner, and, like an undutiful nephew, eſcape from the garriſon with the old boy's prize?"

"No, no, Warwick, I have no ſuch apprehenſions; but,"—"But what? Egad, my friend, conſidered in a political light, it is clear to me that this is the very beſt thing I could do.—But behold the venerable towers of Rayland Hall!

"Ye diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers
That crown the woody glade,
Where fond Orlando ſtill adores
The ſweet impriſon'd maid!"

Give me a moment's time," added Warwick, pauſing—"but a moment, and I will make for you a parody on the whole *."

"You are intolerable, Warwick," cried Orlando, "and I poſitively will endure you no longer!"—"Yes, a little longer," ſaid Warwick; "let me finiſh my parody; I tell you I am in a fortunate vein.—You, Orlando, who are yourſelf a poet, would you be taſteleſs enough to check a man inſpired?—Liſten, I am going on——"

"Nay, but this is ſad trifling, my

* Gray's Ode on a diſtant proſpect of Eton College.

dear

dear Warwick! and what is worſe, you will really be heard from the houſe, which will not be a trifling inconvenience. Beſides, upon my honour, your returning ſo late acroſs the park is unſafe; for, when the old butler has no reaſons of his own to have them kept up, there are three fierce blood-hounds let looſe to range over it all night, and they would not fail to ſeize any ſtranger."

"D—n your blood-hounds!—Pr'ythee, Orlando, do you think I am not accuſtomed to guards of all ſorts, and have encountered the maſtiff dog, and the dragon aunt, in twenty ſcrambling adventures?"

"I do not doubt your proweſs," replied Orlando; "but here, as there is no reward, why ſhould you exert it?"

"*Mais ſeulement pour me tenir en haleine, mon ami, et pour paſſer le tems*—But, however, if it is ſeriouſly inconvenient to you, I will go.—Come, now, to be ſerious—at what time to-morrow ſhall you be at your father's?"

"Long

"Long before you are awake probably, for you know you are never very alert in a morning."

"Not when I have nothing to do; but, pray, are your family early riſers? At what hour may I aſk, by anticipation, the bleſſing of my blooming aunt?"

"That you muſt diſcover, for it is very uncertain—and now, Warwick, once more good night!"

"Good night! O moſt fortunate and valorous Orlando of the enchanted caſtle!"

Orlando then gave his light-hearted friend directions to find his way back, and when he left him, advanced ſlowly towards the houſe, from which he was not above three hundred yards diſtant.

His mind, which had been at firſt diſtracted by the diſtreſs of his father, and ſince haraſſed by the ill-timed raillery of his friend, now returned to thoſe bitter reflections which aroſe from the certainty of his being immediately to take a long leave of Monimia, and under the cruel neceſſity

ceſſity of telling her ſo. But a few hours ſince he looked forward to the pleaſure of meeting Monimia with only tidings of ſatisfaction and hope; now, he was to meet her, only to tell her that they were to part ſo ſoon, never perhaps to meet again!

He now entered his Study (for one of the ſervants ſat up to let him in), and endeavoured to collect himſelf enough to communicate what he had to ſay to Monimia, without too much ſhocking her. But when he thought that their next meeting might be the laſt they ſhould ever have, his own courage forſook him, and he dreaded leſt he ſhould be quite unable to ſuſtain hers.

The hour ſoon came when he knew ſhe expected him; and he trembled as he led her down the ſtairs. At length, ſince it was impoſſible to diſguiſe from her thoſe emotions which agitated his mind, he related to her all the occurrences of the eventful day, and the neceſſity there was for his preparing himſelf the next day, and

taking

taking leave of this part of the country the day following.

Monimia could not ſhed tears; her heart ſeemed petrified by the greatneſs and ſuddenneſs of the blow, which fell with more force, becauſe their laſt interview had been ſo little embittered by fears or broken by alarms. When, however, Orlando explained to her, that his honour would be irreparably injured if he even expreſſed any reluctance to enter on the active parts of the profeſſion he had engaged in, and that to attempt diſengaging himſelf now would be a blemiſh on his character from which he could never recover, her good ſenſe, and her true tenderneſs for him, gave her ſome degree of compoſure, and even of reſolution. As he declared that he felt nothing ſo ſeverely as leaving her—leaving her unprotected, and almoſt alone in the world, ſhe nobly ſtruggled to conceal her own anguiſh, that ſhe might not aggravate his; and, ſince his going was inevitable, endeavoured not to depreſs,

by

by her fears, that ſpirit with which it was neceſſary for him to go.

Orlando, as much charmed by her ſenſe as her affection, became aſhamed of betraying leſs tender reſolution than a timid uninformed girl. She taught him how to repreſs his concern; and this interview, inſtead of increaſing his regret, fortified his mind againſt it. Monimia remained with him a leſs time than uſual—with faltering lips he entreated her to meet him again the next night, becauſe it would be the laſt.—Monimia, unable to articulate, aſſented only by a broken ſigh! and Orlando retired to his bed, where ſleep abſolutely refuſed to indulge him with a few hours of forgetfulneſs till towards morning.

When he had told Warwick that he ſhould be at his father's houſe early in the morning, he forgot that he ſhould be detained by the neceſſity he was under to attend Mrs. Rayland. He ſent up for permiſſion to wait upon her at breakfaſt, which was immediately granted; and he opened

opened to her, as ſoon as he was admitted, the reaſon of this early viſit, and the neceſſity he was under to take leave of her the next day, to join his regiment in America.

Mrs. Rayland expreſſed more ſurpriſe than concern at this information: accuſtomed, from early impreſſions, to high ideas of the military glory of her anceſtors, and conſidering the Americans as rebels and round heads, to conquer them ſeemed to her to be not only a national cauſe, but one in which her family were particularly bound to engage.—She had contemplated only the honours, and thought little of the dangers of war. The trophies that ſurrounded the picture of her warlike grandfather Sir Orlando, and the honourable mention that was made of his proweſs in the family annals, ſeemed to her ample compenſation for a wound in his leg, which had made him a little lame for the reſt of his life. Of Orlando's perſonal danger, therefore, ſhe had, as he expected, no apprehenſions,

prehenſions, and was rather deſirous he ſhould juſtify her partiality to him, by emulating the fame of the heroes of her family, than afraid of what might happen in the experiment.

Mrs. Rayland parted from him in high good humour, deſired he would give her as much time as he could the next day, and ſet out from the Hall rather than from Weſt Wolverton when he went to Portſmouth; all which Orlando readily promiſed, and then, with a heavy heart, went to the houſe of his father.

That capricious fate which ſeemed to be weary of the favours ſhe had long been accumulating on the head of General Tracy, appeared now determined to diſcard him, as ſhe is often ſaid to do her ancient favourites. A more malicious trick than that ſhe now meditated, could hardly befall any of them—The General had long kept off, by art, an attack of the gout, a diſeaſe to which he did not allow himſelf to be ſuppoſed liable; but whether it was the long

long walk of the preceding evening, or the tumult of his ſpirits on his approaching nuptials, or the ſudden ſight of his nephew, that occaſioned an unlucky revulſion, certain it is that, in the middle of the night, he was awakened by this moſt inexorable diſeaſe peremptorily telling him, in more than one of his joints, that the viſit would be more oppreſſive by having been ſo long delayed. His valet de chambre was haſtily ſummoned, with ſuch applications as, however dangerous, had ſometimes repelled its attacks; but it was to no purpoſe the unfortunate General would have riſked his life to preſerve his activity; the morning found him a cripple, compelled to yield, with whatever reluctance, to the old remedies of patience and flannel. This circumſtance, ſo very mal-apropos, appeared yet more terrible to the General, when he reflected that Warwick, the formidable handſome Warwick, had now an opportunity of entertaining Iſabella; and the pain of his mind irritating and increaſing

his

his bodily ſufferings, Mr. Somerive, inſtead of a man of the church, who was within three days to have attended on his gueſt, thought it more expedient to ſend for a phyſician.

Tracy, however, conſidered of nothing ſo earneſtly as getting Warwick away—It was true, indeed, that he was to go the next day, or at fartheſt the day after that, which depended upon the letters he received from Portſmouth; but, that he ſhould be almoſt four-and-twenty hours longer under the ſame roof with Iſabella was not to be endured. After many plans, therefore, adopted and rejected, the General at laſt determined that he would make ſome pretence to ſend Warwick to London which he could not evade, and imagined that he ſhould then be able ſay,

"Being gone—I am myſelf again!"

For this purpoſe he ordered his nephew to be called to his bed-ſide; and when Orlando

lando arrived at the houſe, they were in cloſe conference.

The three girls were at work in the parlour when their brother entered it. He obſerved ſomething very unuſual in the manner of Iſabella, who ſpoke little; while all his queſtions were anſwered by one of his youngeſt ſiſters. He enquired for Warwick; and, in a moment, heard him come down ſtairs. He went to him in the hall, and Warwick haſtily ſaid—"Orlando, will you come out with me? I have ſomething to ſay to you."

They went together into the avenue: Warwick walked faſt, but appeared loſt in thought; and Orlando, oppreſſed with his own ſorrows, had no inclination to ſpeak firſt.

At length Warwick, as if he had found the expedient he wanted, exclaimed ſuddenly—"By Heaven it will do!—it muſt do!—it ſhall do!"

"Indeed!" ſaid Orlando; "may I know what?"

"Tell

"Tell me, my friend," cried Warwick with vehement warmth—"tell me if you love Monimia—if it is not death to part with her?"

"To what purpoſe is ſuch a queſtion? You know I exiſt but for her—you know I ſhould prefer death to this ſeparation, becauſe my mind will be torn to pieces by anxiety for what may befall her in my abſence!"

"Well, then, I may truſt you—I may aſk what you would do for *that* friend who ſhould not only prevent your parting with her, but give you your Monimia for ever!"

"Do not trifle with me, Warwick," ſaid Orlando mournfully, "I cannot bear it!"

"By all that is ſacred!" replied Warwick, "I never was more in earneſt in my life; and, if you do not trifle with yourſelf, Monimia may be yours immediately, and it will be beyond the power of fortune to divide you!"

"Explain

"Explain yourſelf then—but it is impoſſible, and your wild imagination only—"

"Say rather," retorted Warwick, "that your cold prudence will deſtroy what my *imagination* would realize.—I tell you, it is in your own power to be happy; but before I reveal how, ſwear to me, upon the honour of a ſoldier and a gentleman, that if you do not *approve* my plan you will not betray it."

"Surely, there is little need," ſaid Orlando, more and more amazed, "of my giving you an oath that I will not betray my friend, eſpecially when he meditates how to ſerve me."

"Pardon me," cried Warwick; "I deſire, Orlando, to ſerve *you*; but I am not quite ſo diſintereſted as not to think a little of myſelf, at the ſame time ——"

"I may venture to ſwear, Warwick, that I will never betray you," ſaid Orlando gravely; "but put an end to theſe riddles."

"You ſwear then, upon the honour of a

ſoldier and a gentleman, that you will not mar my plan if you will not make yourſelf a party in it—you have ſworn."

"I have," anſwered Orlando, "ſworn; but if it relates——" At that moment an idea of the truth occurred to him.

"If it relates to your ſiſters, you were going to ſay, the oath is not binding—Well, it *does* relate to Iſabella!"

"To Iſabella?"

"Yes, to Iſabella. It matters not, nor have I time to relate, how I have contrived, even in this ſhort interval, to perſuade your lovely ſiſter that a young fellow of three-and-twenty, with only *one* thouſand pounds in the world, and his commiſſion, is more to her taſte than an old one of three-and-ſixty, who is a General, and worth about an hundred and fifty times that ſum.—I told you, I always carried my object by a *coup de main*.—To be brief, I am madly in love with Iſabella, and ſhe is as much in love with me as ſhe dares own on ſo ſhort an acquaintance.—My uncle

uncle is in love with her too; but ſhe is not at all in love with him; and as ſhe prefers the nephew with his knap-ſack to the uncle with his money-ſack, ſhe ſhall not be ſacrificed to him; but I will marry her, and take her with me to America."

"Marry her!" cried Orlando in extreme ſurpriſe.

"Why, you may well wonder, to be ſure, becauſe I believe ſhe is the only girl in the world that could have made me take ſo extraordinary a reſolution."

"But how is it poſſible? How is there time to execute it?"

"Oh, my friend! it is a matter that takes up very little time when the parties are agreed."

"But Iſabella is not of age; ſhe cannot be married here."

"She may in Jerſey, though."

"In Jerſey?"

"Yes; and it is very poſſible to go from Portſmouth to Jerſey, and be back again

time enough for the ſailing of the ſquadron we muſt proceed with to America."

"And has Iſabella conſented to all this?"

"No, becauſe I have not directly propoſed it to her; nor did I, till ſince the converſation I have had with my uncle, know that I ſhould have the means of performing it, which (I thank him) his anticipating jealouſy has put into my hands." Warwick then took out of his pocket-book a draft of the General's to him for a thouſand pounds, payable at ſight in London.—"My grave old uncle," cried he, "for whom I think fortune has interfered, to prevent his being ridiculous in his old age, is juſt now more miſerable becauſe *I am* in the houſe, than becauſe the gout is in his toe; and he has found out, that inſtead of ſtaying till to-morrow or next day to go to Portſmouth with you, it will be better for me to ſet out as ſoon as I can, to do ſome buſineſs for him in London, which,

which, though he never thought of it before, he now ſays admits of no delay; and that I may have no excuſe to ſtay afterwards on my own buſineſs, or to return hither, he has given me a bank note of an hundred for my immediate expences, and this draft for a thouſand—the douceur he promiſed me on his marriage."

"Well!"

"Well! and ſo we ſhall not want money, which would have been an almoſt invincible impediment. I ſhall now, as ſoon as I have ſettled our proceedings with my angelic Iſabel, which I have not the leaſt doubt of doing, make the beſt of my way to London, execute the imaginary buſineſs which my moſt profoundly politic uncle has given me, and then——"

"I do not yet underſtand you," ſaid Orlando; "how is my ſiſter to be of this party, or how....."

"Nothing ſo eaſy," anſwered Warwick; "I thought, my friend, you were enough in love yourſelf to ſuppoſe every thing poſ-

ſible, and not to heſitate between quitting your miſtreſs, perhaps for ever, and taking her with you as your wife.—I go from London to Portſmouth—Is there any difficulty in your meeting me there with my Iſabella and your Monimia? You know there is not; and whatever ſcruples your ſiſter may have, or as you perhaps think ought to have, to taking ſuch a journey to me on the acquaintance of the day, will be obviated by your going with her, and by her having a female companion.—My purſe is yours, and its preſent condition will enable us to do well enough till ſomething or other happens in our favour—*I am determined*, if Iſabella conſents, which I am now going to try; and ſo I leave you, Orlando, to conſider of my propoſal: you muſt, however, reſolve quickly; for I ſhall ſet out almoſt as ſoon as dinner is over for London, as I have promiſed my uncle."

Warwick then walked away towards the houſe, leaving Orlando in a ſtate of mind difficult to be conceived or deſcribed.

To

To have the power of taking with him his adored Monimia, ſecure of a preſent ſupport for her, and certain that with him ſhe would be happy in any country, was a temptation it was almoſt impoſſible to reſiſt: when he conſidered on the other hand, the pain of being ſeparated from her, for a long, perhaps an eternal abſence, and of leaving her to the mercy of ſuch a woman as Mrs. Lennard, who might, either by withdrawing her protection, or rendering it an intolerable bondage, drive the lovely orphan alone and friendleſs into a cruel world; other means of ſaving her he had none, and neither the laws of God or man were againſt thoſe which were now ſo unexpectedly offered him.

But his father, already broken-hearted by the deſertion of one of his children, would be hurried to the grave by thus being deceived by two others. His mother would be rendered wretched, and he ſhould perhaps accuſe himſelf as being acceſſary to the death of both his parents:—the

thought was not to be borne. He determined for a moment to renounce every happineſs which muſt be purchaſed by their miſery, and not only to fly himſelf from this almoſt irreſiſtible temptation, but to prevent Iſabella from yielding to it. But this reſolution was hardly formed, before the image of Monimia weeping in ſolitude her deſolate fate, complaining to him, who was too far off to hear—ill-treated or abandoned by her aunt—expoſed to the inſults of the profligate, and the contempt of the fortunate—came with all its pathetic intereſt to win him from his duty; and then, the happineſs of calling her his—of knowing that only death could divide them! the conteſt was dreadful; and he knew that when he ſaw Monimia it would be worſe.—Once or twice he determined to put an end to it, by telling his father; but to this deſperate expedient was oppoſed the honour he had given to Warwick not to betray, if he would not participate, the intended flight of his ſiſter; nor did he imagine

imagine that her going off with Warwick would be a very diſtreſſing circumſtance to his father.—However enraged the General might at firſt be, his pride would not ſuffer him finally to abandon his nephew. In every point, but that of preſent fortune, Warwick muſt have the preference; and Orlando thought that he had often ſeen, by his father's countenance as he looked at Iſabella, that he regretted the ſacrifice he was induced by his own circumſtances to promote.—But with himſelf it was quite otherwiſe; and the raſh ſtep he was thus ſtrongly tempted to take, would blaſt at once all thoſe hopes his father now ſo fondly cheriſhed in regard to the Rayland eſtate (for it was certain Mrs. Rayland would never forgive him); and, by acceding to Warwick's propoſal, he muſt deeply aggravate every pang of that ſeparation which his father ſeemed already unable to endure.

CHAP. X.

TORN by theſe diſtracting conteſts between love and duty, Orlando continued for ſome moments to traverſe the place where Warwick had left him. His two younger ſiſters appeared to interrupt without relieving this painful debate. He learned from them that Captain Warwick and Iſabella were gone together for a walk, and that the former had ſent them to him, as he wanted to ſpeak with them. A new doubt now aroſe in the mind of Orlando—Ought he to communicate to Selina what was going forward, of which ſhe appeared to be ignorant? or conceal within his own boſom what he could not prevent, or entirely diſapprove? After a little conſideration he thought it would be beſt not to make Selina a party: and he endea-

endeavoured to diſſemble as well as he could the conflict of paſſions which were preying on his heart. His father pale and dejected, with a ſlow and languid ſtep, ſoon after joined them: he bade the two girls go to their mother, and then taking Orlando's arm, they walked together to a greater diſtance from the houſe.

"You go then to-morrow, Orlando?" ſaid Somerive: "there are no hopes of any favourable reverſe to this cruel ſentence? Mrs. Rayland, I find,"—he heſitated—"does not wiſh to interfere, Sir," replied Orlando. "On the contrary, ſhe ſeems to think that a young man of my age and profeſſion cannot be ſo well employed as in the actual ſervice of his country."

Somerive anſwered only with a deep ſigh; and after a ſhort pauſe Orlando went on:

"I beſeech you, my deareſt Sir, not to make yourſelf thus unhappy. Conſider that, notwithſtanding this temporary parting, my proſpects are infinitely better than I had any right to expect, and—"

"They might, however, have been better," ſaid his father in his turn interrupting him—"at leaſt they might have been more permanently aſſured, if you had liſtened to the propoſals we heard yeſterday: inſtead of quitting your family, you might then have been ſettled near it in affluence."

"Let us not, my dear father," anſwered Orlando, "diſcuſs that any more; I would not marry Miſs Hollybourn, if ſhe could give me a kingdom."

"Nor give up your boyiſh fancy for that girl at the Hall to ſave your family, to ſave your father!"

Orlando ſtarted as if he had trod on a ſerpent: this was a ſtring that jarred too much, it threatened to deſtroy all the virtuous reſolutions which he had been labouring to adopt; for it ſeemed to be cruelty and injuſtice in his father to reproach him; and, conſcious of the ſacrifice he hoped to have fortitude enough to make,

it appeared too hard that he was at that moment blamed for not making more.

"No, Sir," ſaid he, "I will not give up my fancy for the girl at the Hall, as you are pleaſed to term her; but I ſee not how my affection for her can injure my family, nor how my reſigning her could ſave them—For God's ſake, do not embitter the few hours we are to paſs together, either by reproaches which indeed I do not deſerve, or by concern which the occaſion does not demand. Believe me, your ſon ſuffers enough, without the additional miſery of ſeeing you either diſpleaſed with him or grieving for him."

Orlando, then fearful that any farther converſation with his father, in the humour he ſeemed to be in, would ſerve only to give pain to them both, and wiſhing to be alone for a few minutes before he again ſaw Warwick, went another way; and on his return to the houſe he found an official letter directing him to repair immediately

for

for Portſmouth, where the captain of his company was aſſembling his men in order to embark immediately for America.

Thus certain that he muſt ſet out the next day, and that he had only a few moments before he muſt meet Warwick and give his anſwer, he hid himſelf in the leaſt frequented part of the ſhrubbery that adjoined to the houſe, and again conſidered of the tempting offer that was made him. Faſcinating as it was, and though his exceſſive affection for Monimia was often on the point of overbalancing every other conſideration whatever; his pride and his duty, his affection for his father, and his reſpect for himſelf, united at length to conquer his inclination. How could he bear to plunge a dagger into the heart of his father, who had little other hope on earth but in him? or, if he could determine on that, and fortify himſelf againſt the reproaches his conſcience might make him, how could he ſubmit to be obliged for his ſupport, for the ſupport of Monimia, to Warwick?

Warwick? There was ſomething repugnant to the generous feelings of Orlando, in Warwick's uſing the very money his uncle had given him, as the means of diſappointing his benefactor. But, whatever apology Warwick might make to himſelf for this, Orlando thought there could be none for him if he were to participate in money thus acquired. He knew that, accuſtomed to expence and to indulgencies as his friend was, a thouſand pounds would be no very permanent reſource when Iſabella was to ſhare it: and he could not bear that *he* ſhould be ſuppoſed to connive at her flight, only to become with Monimia a burthen to her and Warwick. On the ſlender pay of an enſign it were madneſs to think he could ſupport a wife, however humble might be her wiſhes; and his marriage would cut him off for ever from all hopes of that aſſiſtance from Mrs. Rayland, which his father, even though he ſhould forgive, had not the power to afford him. Could he then endure to expoſe his beloved

Monimia

Monimia to the inconveniences of following a camp, without having the means of procuring her ſuch alleviations as it allowed? He might die in the field, and leave her expoſed to hazards infinitely greater than thoſe which could befall her in England. This laſt conſideration determined him—It decided his wavering virtue, and he reſolved to give Warwick a poſitive refuſal immediately before he ſhould relapſe, and to conceal the almoſt invincible temptation he had been under from his Monimia, leſt, her weaker, ſofter heart yielding to it, he ſhould again find himſelf unable to reſiſt it.

He now haſtened to find Warwick; and fortunately met him at the entrance of the houſe, whither they were now ſummoned to dinner. Warwick enquired with great eagerneſs on what he had reſolved. "To be miſerable," anſwered Orlando, "in abſtaining from what is wrong. I ſhould be miſerable if I agreed, Warwick, to your propoſal; and I have determined, ſince either

either way I muſt be unhappy, to be ſo with integrity rather than ſelf-reproach."

"What the devil!" ſaid Warwick, "you won't go then my way?"

"No, I will not."

"But you will not, I hope, Sir," cried Warwick half angry—"you will not think it neceſſary to prevent your ſiſter?"

Orlando, who did not greatly reliſh the peremptory manner in which this was ſaid, anſwered coldly—"You have my honour, Captain Warwick, and any other queſtion is an affront."

"Forgive me, my friend," replied Warwick, reſuming his uſual good-humour—"forgive me for doubting you. I cannot live without Iſabella, nor do I intend to try at it—I have prevailed upon her, not without difficulty I aſſure you, to conſent to meet me at Portſmouth.—You know how much happineſs your going with Monimia would have given to us all!—But I have not a moment to argue the matter with you.—You ſay you are determined—

mined—So am I; and all I aſk of you is, that you will not rob me of my happineſs, upon the ſame falſe, cold ſort of reaſoning ſyſtem to which you are ſacrificing your own."

A ſervant now coming out to ſay that dinner waited, they went into the houſe. A melancholy and ſilent meal was ſoon concluded. The General's horſe was brought to the door, on which Warwick was to go to the next poſt town: and he roſe to take leave of the family, which he did with a compoſure that amazed Orlando, who had no idea how a man could ſo conceal the feelings which muſt on ſuch an occaſion naturally ariſe. Iſabella was far from appearing ſo tranquil; but all the reſt were too much engaged with their own ſenſations to remark thoſe which her countenance betrayed, though to Orlando her confuſion was evident.

Warwick went up to receive the laſt orders of his uncle, and then prepared to mount his horſe; when Orlando took his arm,

arm, and begged he would ſend the ſervant on with the horſes, and give him a few moment's attention as they walked on after them.

Warwick readily agreed, in hopes that he had changed his mind; but Orlando ſoon put an end to ſuch expectations by aſking him in what way Iſabella was to meet him.—"I have given you my honour, Warwick," ſaid he, "not to betray you: but I muſt have yours in return that my ſiſter ſhall be expoſed to no improper adventures. How is ſhe who never was from home in her life, but for a few days with her mother in London, to find her way to Portſmouth?"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Warwick, "to find her way to Portſmouth! One would really think ſhe was to take a flight to the extreme parts of the earth, inſtead of hardly five-and-thirty miles.—My poor friend, thou haſt not been uſed, I ſee, to theſe little adventures—I have an aid de camp, who, in the abſence of his commander,

mander, can ſecure a little deſerter for him.—Iſabella is determined to truſt me; and it may ſuffice you to know that I love her too well not to take every poſſible precaution for her ſafety."

"No," ſaid Orlando, "it may *not* ſuffice—Though I have promiſed not to interfere, it is only on condition that I am ſure my ſiſter will not ſuffer either in her perſon or her reputation. Give me therefore the particulars."

Warwick then related, that his ſervant, on whom he could depend, was on the evening they ſhould appoint to be ready with a poſt-chaiſe and four at ſome place they could fix upon; where after ſupper Iſabella, inſtead of retiring to her room, ſhould meet it—"Nothing is more eaſy, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Warwick, "or leſs dangerous, than for your ſiſter to do this; and, when ſhe is once off in the chaiſe, relays of horſes being ordered at the two ſtages between this and Portſmouth, my ſervant, following on horſeback, will eſcort her thither

thither in leſs than four hours: there I ſhall have a veſſel ready to carry us to Jerſey—Money, my dear boy! Money, my dear boy! Money, contrivance and courage are all that are neceſſary.—I have found the two firſt, and have given the laſt to the only perſon that wanted it.—I have convinced Iſabella that, if ſhe follows my directions, ſhe may be at Portſmouth before ſhe is miſſed, and married before any one can gueſs where to look for her.—Well, Orlando, you now have my whole plan; and I truſt to your honour not to render it abortive."

"And I," replied Orlando, "truſt my ſiſter to yours, not without reluctance and remorſe—We ſhall probably meet at Portſmouth?"

"Probably," anſwered Warwick; "for the two companies are to embark at the ſame time; and I only truſt to ſome private intereſt, which I have prevailed upon my uncle to make for me, to procure leave to embark in whatever veſſel is moſt convenient.

venient.—The captain of one of the frigates is my particular friend, and I ſhall probably get a birth with him inſtead of going in a tranſport." Orlando, to whom the whole ſcheme appeared eaſily practicable, now again felt all the diſpoſition to join in it which he had before combated: but again his reaſon came to his aid, and he ſaw Warwick depart without betraying any ſymptoms of that ſtruggle which ſtill tore his heart.

Once more, however, he ſubdued it; and recalled his reſolution to go through the trying ſcene which was to await him on his return to the houſe, where he was early in the evening to bid adieu to all his family, in order to ſup with Mrs. Rayland as ſhe had deſired; and then! the laſt cruel parting with Monimia, more dreadful than any of his former ſufferings, was to embitter his laſt moments at Rayland-Hall.

The laſt adieu between a father ſo affectionate and unhappy and a ſon ſo beloved, need not be deſcribed—it would indeed be difficult

difficult to do it juſtice. As his mother and his ſiſters hung weeping about him, he could not help addreſſing ſome words to Iſabella, however unfavourable the time, which ſhe ſeemed perfectly to underſtand—though ſhe ſhrunk from them, and had carefully avoided giving him any opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone. At length Orlando tore himſelf away; and not daring to look behind him, yet hardly feeling the ground beneath him, he hurried to the Hall.

Mrs. Rayland received him with as much calmneſs as if he only came on a uſual viſit. Of the violent emotions which agitated him ſhe had no idea. Time and uninterrupted proſperity had ſo blunted the little ſenſibility nature had given her, that ſhe was utterly incapable of participating or comprehending the acute feelings of her young favourite: yet in her way ſhe was extremely kind to him; and, after giving him another courſe of excellent advice, which laſted near two hours, ſhe told him,

that

that as his firſt equipment might have taken a good part of her former preſent, ſhe had another note of fifty pounds at his ſervice. This preſent was extremely acceptable to Orlando, who had not above ſixty left of her preceding bounty. Mrs. Rayland, detaining Orlando an hour longer than he expected, at length diſmiſſed him with her bleſſing; and Orlando ſhed tears of gratitude on her hand, which he kiſſed, and, without being able to ſpeak, left her.

He then took leave of the ſervants; but gave to Mrs. Lennard, with whom he deſired to ſpeak in her own room, more time than to the reſt; and deſirous of doing what he could to ſoften the ſituation of his Monimia, he determined to ſpeak to her aunt on her behalf.

"You know, Madam," ſaid he, "that on my laſt departure you ſpoke to me of your niece: let me now ſpeak to you of her. My abſence may ſatisfy you as to thoſe ſuſpicions, that I know not why you entertained

entertained of me—but let me entreat you to be kind to my lovely young friend, for whom I ſcruple not to avow to you a very great regard."

"What!" cried Mrs. Lennard, "has ſhe ever then been ſuch an ungrateful girl as to ſay I was unkind to her?"

"Never," ſaid Orlando:—"in the converſations we have accidentally had, your niece has always ſpoken of you with gratitude and reſpect; but, after what you once ſaid to me about her, I ſhould be remiſs were I to quit the houſe without trying to obviate any little lurking prejudice which may at ſome future time be remembered to her diſadvantage: allow me therefore to intercede with you, not only to forget any of theſe circumſtances which may prejudice your mind againſt her, but to increaſe that tenderneſs for her, which does ſo much honour to your heart."

"Thank you, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Lennard, "but I hope I do not want your advice,

nor any body's, to do my duty to the girl, ſince ſhe is left upon my hands."

Orlando never felt ſo great an inclination as at that moment, to take Monimia off her hands; and, as he found little was to be hoped for from his ſolicitations in her favour, he took leave of Mrs. Lennard, and endeavoured, when alone, to collect all his reſolution for this final adieu with Monimia; to drive from his recollection the offer of Warwick, which ſtill recurred to tantalize and torment him; to conceal from her that it ever had been made, and to fortify her mind for their long ſeparation while he felt his own ſinking under it.

Among other things it occurred to him, that if death or caprice deprived Monimia of the cold and reluctant protection her aunt now afforded her, ſhe might be not only deſolate but pennyleſs. He determined, therefore, to leave with her one of the banker's notes he had juſt received, of five-and-twenty pounds, and to paſs

theſe

theſe laſt moments in arming her againſt every poſſible contingency which might happen during his abſence, and, as far as he could, inſtructing her how to act if they occurred.

Monimia, with ſwollen eyes, from which the tears ſlowly fell notwithſtanding her endeavours to reſtrain them, liſtened in ſilence, as with a faltering tone and in disjointed ſentences he went through this mournful taſk. She promiſed in a voice hardly articulate to attend to all he deſired, and to keep a journal of her life; "though what will it be," ſaid ſhe, "but a journal of ſufferings and of ſorrow?"

"But when that ſorrow, thoſe ſufferings are over, my Monimia," cried Orlando, trying to ſpeak cheerfully, "with what tranſport ſhall we look back on this journal, and compare our paſt anxieties with our actual happineſs!—Let that idea encourage you amidſt the heavy days that are to intervene before we meet again. Whatever you ſuffer, remember that your Or-

lando will return to dry your tears! And take care of your precious health, my Monimia, preſerve it for him."

She could only anſwer by a deep drawn ſigh; while Orlando, cruel as the ſcene was, could not determine to put an end to it. Day already dawned; and as he did not mean to go to bed, but had ordered the under-keeper to attend him with the horſes as ſoon as it was light, he knew that he ſhould ſoon be called by Jacob: yet could he not determine to lead Monimia back to her turret till he heard the man at the door, who, tapping at it, informed him the horſes were ready, and the hour paſſed at which he ordered himſelf to be called.

Monimia then aroſe and ſaid—"Farewell then, Orlando!" He had no power to anſwer her; but led her ſilently through the chapel, round the court, and to her turret. The moment that tore him from her could not be delayed; he took the laſt embrace, and haſtily bade her ſhut the door, leſt he ſhould fall into ſuch a parox-

yſm

yſm of anguiſh as might render him unable to leave her at all. Monimia, who could not have ſupported the pain ſhe endured much longer, with feeble and trembling hands obeyed him; but, as ſlowly he deſcended the ſtairs, he heard her loud ſobs, and was on the point of returning again to ſnatch her to his boſom, and declare it impoſſible to part with her.

The loud noiſe of a whip, which Jacob impatient of his long delay now ſounded around the houſe, rouſed him once more. He ſtarted from the dangerous reflection he was indulging, that it was yet in his own power to take Monimia with him, or at leaſt to ſecure her following him with his ſiſter; and again recovering his courage, he deſcended the ſtairs, left for the laſt time the beloved turret, and in a few moments mounted his horſe, and rode almoſt at full ſpeed through the park. He was ſoon on the high-road to the firſt poſt-town towards Portſmouth; and having aſcended an high down that afforded him the laſt

view he could have of Rayland Hall, he ſtopped on the top of it, and, turning his horſe's head, fixed his eyes on the ſeat of all his paſt happineſs, of all his future hopes, and thought how much he probably had to ſuffer before he ſhould reviſit it again, how probable it was that he ſhould never ſee it more!

Jacob, who had but little notion of all this, yet ſuppoſed the captain, as he was now called at the Hall, was ſorry to leave all his friends and Miſs Monimmy, and hunting and ſhooting, and ſuch like, to go to the wars, now thought it might be kind to conſole him: but Orlando heeded not the very eloquent harangue, which had laſted near a quarter of an hour, but ſuddenly turned his horſe, and ſet out as ſpeedily as before.

He took a poſt-horſe at the town, and put his portmanteau into a Portſmouth diligence that was paſſing; then diſmiſſing his favourite horſe, which he would take no farther, and recommending him particularly

cularly to Jacob, who promiſed to attend to him while he fed at liberty in the park, he made the ſervant a handſome preſent, and on the hack which was ready he proceeded as if he was purſued; for the ſpeed with which he rode ſeemed to give him ſomething like relief. A very ſhort time brought him to Portſmouth; where he found his baggage from London juſt arrived; and learned that ſome of the ſoldiers were already embarked, that the wind was fair, and that new orders for the greateſt expedition were arrived that day to the commander of the reinforcement going to America.

CHAP. IX.

EXHAUSTED by the fatigue of body and mind, Orlando would now probably have loſt the painful recollection of what had paſſed within the laſt eight-and-forty hours by tranſient forgetfulneſs; but even this was not permitted him: the orders for immediate embarkation were ſo ſtrict, and the commander of the ſquadron which was to convoy the tranſports ſo impatient to execute the directions of Government, that every thing was hurry and confuſion; and Orlando, far from being allowed time to think of what he had left, found the care of the company devolve almoſt entirely upon him: the men were for the moſt part raw recruits; the captain, the younger ſon of an illuſtrious houſe, already

already raiſed to that rank (though not ſo old as Orlando), was not come down; and the lieutenant, a man near fifty, was almoſt incapacitated from attending his duty by the agonies of his wife and a family of ſeveral children, who, as they had been in lodgings in a neighbouring town ever ſince his return from America the preceding year, now aſſembled around him to bid to their only protector and ſupport a laſt farewell.

The ſhort notice he had received of his departure had prevented his ſettling many things for them which were now indiſpenſable; the moment therefore Orlando arrived, this officer (whom he had not before ſeen) related to him his ſituation; and Orlando, in generouſly endeavouring to alleviate his troubles by taking as much buſineſs from him as he could, found his additional fatigue well repaid by the neceſſity it laid him under to detach his mind from his own regret and anxiety. At the firſt dawn of day he was at the Point—

embarking the men and baggage; and the ſcene of diſtracting hurry that now preſented itſelf, the quarrels and blaſphemy with which the beach reſounded, the confuſion among the ſoldiers and ſailors, the rage of the commanders and the murmurs of the commanded, the eager impatience of thoſe who had articles to buy for their voyage, and the unfeeling avarice of others who had them to ſell, formed altogether a ſcene as extraordinary as it was new to Orlando, who had never been from the neighbourhood of the Hall except for a few weeks, which were either paſſed in pleaſure in London or in a quiet country town: he heard therefore, with a mixture of wonder and diſguſt, the human tempeſt roar in which he was now engaged, and for the firſt time enquired of himſelf what all this was for?

This was not a place or hour when ſuch a queſtion, however naturally it occurred, could be anſwered—He was to act, not to ſpeculate; and hardly had he a moment

to reflect that, hurried as he was to be, he ſhould not have the ſatisfaction (if ſatisfaction it might be called) of ſeeing Iſabella and Warwick before he went himſelf on board; after which it would be impoſſible to know what became of them, at leaſt not till his arrival in America. Amid the tumult that ſurrounded him, this gave him infinite diſquiet. A thouſand fears for his ſiſter crowded on his mind; he apprehended ſhe might by ſome accident be prevented in ſuch a place meeting Warwick; he trembled leſt, if ſhe did, his conduct towards her, when ſhe was entirely in his power, might be diſhonourable. Such were the diſtreſſing reflections of Orlando in every momentary pauſe the confuſion of the ſcene allowed him. But whatever uneaſineſs he felt, the time permitted him to have no mitigation; and, in the evening of the day after his arrival at Portſmouth, he found himſelf on board a tranſport with the greater part of that company to which he belonged, and about an equal number

of dragoons with their horſes. The wind, though violent, blew down the channel; and at nightfall, all previous orders being given, they obeyed the ſignal for getting to ſea. It was not till they were many miles at ſea that Orlando had time to conſider his ſituation: then, the tumult having a little ſubſided, he ſaw himſelf in a little crowded veſſel, where nothing could equal the inconvenience to which his ſoldiers were ſubjected, but that which the miſerable negroes endure in their paſſage to ſlavery *. Indifferent to this, ſo far as it merely related to himſelf, he could not ſee the ſufferings to which the men were likely to be expoſed without concern. All of them were young and new to the ſervice; and the captain was too attentive to his own delicacy to have time to give the poor fellows all the alleviation their

* It has lately been alleged in defence of the Slave Trade, that Negroes on board Guineamen are allowed *almoſt* as much room as a Soldier in a Tranſport.—Excellent reaſoning!

condition

condition allowed them; and, on the ſecond day of their voyage, he found his own ſituation ſo unpleaſant, that he went in a boat on board one of the frigates, the commander of which was diſtantly related to him, and obtained of him for the reſt of the voyage a birth more ſuitable to a man of faſhion than a crowded tranſport could afford him.

Orlando, the lieutenant (who was half broken-hearted), and a cornet of horſe were left in charge of the men; and it was perhaps fortunate for the former, that he was ſo inceſſantly called upon to attend to his duty that he had hardly a moment to command but for repoſe, and, occupied about others, could think but little of himſelf.

They had now been ſo long at ſea, that the freſh water ſailors had conquered the firſt uneaſy ſenſations given by that element, except the young cornet, who was the only ſon of a very opulent family and heir to an immenſe fortune: during a very long minority his mother had ſo humoured him, that

that even his requeſt to enter the army, though extremely oppoſite to her wiſhes, could neither be evaded nor denied. The ſmart uniform of a light horſeman appeared to him extremely deſirable; and the poſſibility of danger in ſuch a ſervice never occurred to him, nor would he liſten to it when it was repreſented by others. He had hardly put on this ſeducing attire, and provided himſelf with a very beautiful horſe, before he was ordered abroad; and now ſick and deſponding, this unhappy child of fooliſh affluence wanted a nurſe much more than a broad ſword—No puling girl juſt out of the nurſery was ever more helpleſs; and Orlando at once deſpiſed and pitied him; but found that, having been friendly enough to offer him his aſſiſtance, his new acquaintance ſoon leaned entirely upon him; and that having been uſed to have every one around him at his command, he received every friendly attention which compaſſion extorted from others, as matters of courſe.

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The fleet had now paſſed Madeira, without however touching at it, and were launched into the great Atlantic Ocean. Hitherto their voyage had been proſperous and quick; and a ſhort time promiſed to terminate it: but the heat of the weather, operating on the crowds of men and of horſes ſtowed in ſuch a veſſel, now began to be ſeverely felt. A fever of the malignant kind broke out; and within a week five men ſickened of it, of whom three died; and the other two, more like ſpectres than living creatures, ſeemed by their partial recovery only to be reſerved for more lingering ſufferings.

Nor was that the worſt; for the diſeaſe, after a ceſſation of a few days, broke out afreſh, and Orlando ſaw his men depreſſed and diſpirited, ſinking around him its eaſy victims. Contrary winds, or ſullen calms which allowed them to make very little way, added to the hopeleſſneſs of their ſituation, and the other tranſports could afford them little aſſiſtance; for in ſome

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the ſame cruel diſtemper had begun its ravages, and thoſe who were yet free from it dreaded the infection. It was now that Orlando felt the juſtice of that pathetic deſcription, given by Thomſon, of the mortality at ſea before Carthagena, where he addreſſes the admiral, as witneſſing

"The deeply racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
"The lip pale quivering, and the beamleſs eye
"No more with ardour bright—
"————————the groans
"Of agonizing ſhips————"

and as having then heard

"Nightly plunged amid the ſullen waves,
"The frequent corſe."

From ſuch a ſcene, whenever the diſtreſſes of his men (whom in deſpite of the danger of infection he attended with paternal kindneſs) or the terrors of the little effeminate cornet would allow him a moment's reſpite, he eſcaped as much as he could by paſſing the evenings on deck; for the heat below was more dreadful to him than even the want of ſleep or any other inconvenience. He frequently took

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the night watch; and at other times wrapped himſelf in a great coat, and lay down where he might at leaſt have air. On theſe occaſions ſleep would not always befriend him; and then all he had left, his Monimia, his family, the Hall, the rural happineſs he had enjoyed in his native country, forcibly preſented themſelves in contraſt to the wretchedneſs around him; and when he conſidered a number of men thus packed together in a little veſſel, periſhing by diſeaſe; ſuch of them as ſurvived going to another hemiſphere to avenge on a branch of their own nation a quarrel, of the juſtice of which they knew little, and were never ſuffered to enquire; he felt diſpoſed to wonder at the folly of mankind, and to enquire again *what all this was for?*

He ſometimes, however, endeavoured to perſuade himſelf that it was for glory: he had been taught to love glory—What ſo ſacred as the glory of his country? To purchaſe it no exertion could be too great—to revenge any inſult on it, no ſacrifice ſhould

ſhould be regretted. If, for a moment, his good ſenſe aroſe in deſpite of this prejudice, and induced him to enquire if it was not from a miſtaken point of honour, from the wickedneſs of governments, or the ſanguinary ambition or revenge of monarchs, that ſo much miſery was owing as wars of every deſcription muſt neceſſarily occaſion; he quieted theſe doubts by recurring to hiſtory—our Henries and our Edwards, heroes whoſe names children are taught to liſp with delight, as they are bid to execrate the cruel Uncle * and the bloody Queen Mary; and he tried to believe that what theſe Engliſh Kings had ſo gloriouſly done, was in their deſcendants equally glorious, becauſe it went to ſupport the honour of the Britiſh name.—Then Alexander, Cæſar, and all the crowned murderers of antiquity—they were heroes too whom his ſchool-ſtudies had taught him to admire, and whom his maturer reflection had not yet enabled him to

* Richard the Third.

ſee

ſee diveſted of the meteor glare which ſurrounded them. There was ſomething great in their perſonal valour, in their contempt of death; and he did not recollect that their being themſelves ſo indifferent to life was no reaſon why, to ſatisfy their own vanity, they ſhould deluge the world with human blood. There were, indeed, times when the modern directors of war appeared to him in a leſs favourable light—who incurred no perſonal danger, nor gave themſelves any other trouble than to raiſe money from one part of their ſubjects, in order to enable them to deſtroy another, or the ſubjects of ſome neighbouring potentate. Nor had he, after a while, great reaſon to admire the integrity of the ſubordinate departments, to whom the care of providing for troops thus ſent out to ſupport the glory of their maſter was entruſted. The proviſions on board were univerſally bad; and the ſickneſs of the ſoldiers was as much owing to that cauſe as to the heat of climate. Muſty oatmeal, half-dried peaſe,

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and meat half ſpoiled before it had been ſalted down, would in any ſituation have occaſioned diſeaſes; and when to ſuch defective food, their being ſo cloſely ſtowed and ſo long on board was added, thoſe diſeaſes increaſed rapidly, and generally ended fatally. But it was all for *glory*. And that the miniſtry ſhould, in thus purchaſing glory, put a little more than was requiſite into the pockets of contractors, and deſtroy as many men by ſickneſs as by the ſword, made but little difference in an object ſo infinitely important; eſpecially when it was known (which, however, Orlando did not know) that meſſieurs the contractors were for the moſt part members of parliament, who under other names enjoyed the profits of a war, which, diſregarding the voices of the people in general, or even of their own conſtituents, they voted for purſuing. Merciful God! can it be thy will that mankind ſhould thus tear each other to pieces with more ferocity than the beaſts of the wilderneſs? Can it be thy diſpenſation

tion that kings are entruſted with power only to deform thy works—and in learning politics to forget humanity?

Orlando, embarked in a cauſe of which he had hardly ever thought till he was called upon to maintain it, was inſenſibly viſited by reflections like theſe; but whenever they recurred he drove them from him as much as he could, and endeavoured to cheriſh the fond hope that all might yet be well; that Iſabella, about whom he was haunted with a thouſand fears, was in ſome of the veſſels which were now all aſſembled in one fleet—for the ſlowneſs of their progreſs had enabled thoſe ſhips which laſt ſailed to overtake them; and that on his landing he ſhould meet Warwick and his ſiſter, and anticipate with them the fortunate hour of his return to England.

As the perilous ſituation of Iſabella occupied his thoughts, whenever he could a moment detach them from the ſcene before

fore him, he made ſeveral efforts to learn, if ſhe was in any of the veſſels near which he often found himſelf; but in none of them could he gain information of an officer of the name of Warwick. He then contrived to ſend a meſſage to the captain of the frigate, one of the convoy, with whom Warwick had told him he was acquainted; but this officer, to the infinite diſappointment of Orlando, told him in anſwer to his letter, that it was true his friend Warwick had ſent ſome of his baggage on board, and a negro ſervant; but that, after waiting for him till the laſt moment, it became abſolutely neceſſary for him to ſail without him. This account only ſerved, therefore, to increaſe the uneaſineſs of Orlando, who now feared that, inſtead of being able on his landing in America to write inſtantly to his father with an account both of himſelf and his ſiſter, he ſhould only add to the diſquiet which he believed her flight muſt have occaſioned to her family: nor was he at all

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ſatisfied that Warwick's diſhonourable conduct towards her was not the cauſe of their not being in the fleet, which he was now almoſt perſuaded they were not.

If at any time he had obtained a ſhort interval of repoſe, theſe cruel images haunted him; but, as the voyage was prolonged, and the diſcomforts of his condition became more ſevere, he found abundant reaſon to rejoice that he had reſiſted the alluring temptation offered to him by Warwick, and had not expoſed his Monimia to difficulties and diſtreſſes, under which many around him had ſunk: and in this ſelf-congratulation he found the firſt reward of virtue; a ſenſation which ſoothed all his ſorrows, and enabled him to ſupport the accumulated evils which now preſſed upon him.

The fleet was now within four days ſail of New-York; or at leaſt the ſailors, though it was a dead calm, declared that they had no doubt but before the end of that time they ſhould get in thither.

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The ſick men revived a little with the intelligence; and the reſt bore with leſs dejection the funeral of the dead (for two days had not for ſome time paſſed without a funeral) and the loſs of the horſes, of which a third had already periſhed. Orlando, to eſcape the intolerable ſmells below, now always paſſed the night on deck, and was ſleeping on it when the noiſe occaſioned by a ſudden change of the weather awakened him: he got up, as well to be out of the way as to aſſiſt the ſailors, who were ſoon all buſily employed; for in a few moments it blew a hurricane. The darkneſs of the night and the violence of the ſtorm were horrors greatly increaſed by the apprehenſion the ſeamen expreſſed, that they ſhould be driven againſt ſome of the other veſſels and ſunk: and this appeared extremely probable; for, by the flaſhes of lightning, the tranſports in company were ſeen driven about, ſometimes within a few yards of each other—guns of diſtreſs were he ard, but none were in a condition

to assist the rest; nor was it possible for a boat to live in a sea that ran mountains high, and threatened to overwhelm even the men of war which formed the convoy.

Orlando, to whom as a novice in maritime adventures the danger seemed even greater than it was, imagined that death was inevitable, because it had never appeared to him so near before. He thought, however, not so much of the event, as of the effect the intelligence of it would have on those infinitely dearer to him than himself —He heard the agonising shrieks of his mother, the more silent but more destructive anguish of his father, the tears of his sisters, unable to suppress their own grief while they attempted to administer comfort to their parents, and above all the sufferings of his gentle Monimia, sufferings more acute because she dared not complain. Yet, when the vessel strained so much that the seamen declared they every moment expected the timbers to part, Orlando again thanked God that Monimia was not

with him. The deſpair of the lieutenant was ſolemn and ſilent:—he believed that the hour was come when he was to leave his family deſtitute in a world where, with all his exertions, his want of intereſt had not afforded him the means of ſupporting them by that perilous profeſſion to which he had dedicated his life. But he bore this certainty (for there ſeemed not the leaſt hope of eſcape) like a ſoldier and a man: he aſſiſted the ſailors; he encouraged the ſoldiers; and endeavoured, with a calmneſs of mind which gave Orlando an exalted opinion of him, to inſpire others with that hope he did not himſelf feel. To Orlando only he declared his opinion that they muſt periſh; and he ſpoke in approbation of the fortitude with which ſo young a man, and one ſo unaccuſtomed to look on danger and death, bore this intelligence: but with the little cornet he could not keep his temper, who, half dead with terror, lamented himſelf aloud in terms unmanly and ridiculous; and who, though

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he declared himſelf too much affected by the violent heaving of the ſhip to keep the deck a moment, ran up continually to aſk puerile queſtions of the ſeamen, and to diſtract their attention by his complaints and clamours.

Morning at length appeared, but the wind rather increaſed than abated; and the light of day ſerved only to ſhew the horrors of their ſituation, and of ſome of their companions in diſtreſs, who were ſtill in ſight, for the men of war were no longer viſible; and of the three tranſports who were near them, one was diſmaſted, and another without her rudder was driven about a wreck upon the waves, under bare poles. From this veſſel, which the firſt dawn of day diſcovered cloſe to them, they heard repeated ſignals of diſtreſs. Whenever the mountainous waves afforded them a view of her, they ſaw the people, among whom were two or three women, appearing on her deck, apparently in all the agonies of deſpair. Orlando was ſuddenly

ſtruck with the idea that this veſſel might contain his ſiſter; and with dreadful ſolicitude he watched it, till, in the confuſion of his thoughts, he fancied he really diſcerned her—All care for his own ſafety was then at an end; and he entreated the commander of the ſhip he was in to allow him to attempt in a boat to go on board, in the hopes of adminiſtering ſome help; but this the man poſitively refuſed, giving very loud and ſhort reaſons, in terms which Orlando did not underſtand, why ſuch an attempt would be fatal to whoever undertook it, without being of the leaſt uſe to thoſe for whom it was undertaken. More and more impreſſed with the idea that Iſabella was among the women, whoſe terrors he ſaw diſtinctly on the deck of the other veſſel, he now hardly poſſeſſed his ſenſes, and was on the point of plunging into the waves, tremendous as they were—when, as his eyes were fixed wildly and eagerly on it, he ſaw it ſink, and the ſea bury all it contained!—There was hardly time to utter

an exclamation of horror, when ſome of the unhappy people appeared ſo near the ſhip, that the ſailors, though ſo likely to ſhare the ſame fate, endeavoured to ſave them; but two only, ſtout men who ſwam ſtrongly, were ſnatched from the raging element. The reſt ſoon diſappeared, never to riſe again!

The force of the wind was now ſomewhat leſſened, and the men were inſpired by ſome degree of hope to greater exertions. About ten o'clock the ſtorm was ſo much abated that the maſter was able to take an obſervation; and he found himſelf many leagues out of his courſe. No ſhip remained in ſight but one tranſport at a great diſtance, and the veſſel yet drove too much to allow them to attempt altering her courſe. Their immediate danger, however, gradually diminiſhed; and every man on board, who was able to work, laboured, in deſpite of the fatigue they had undergone, to repair their rigging, and remedy the damages the hull had ſuſtained. The

ſick, who had for many hours been neglected, were now viſited; and one ſoldier was found dead. As to the horſes that remained, they had all been thrown overboard during the moſt imminent peril, as their weight occaſioned the ſhip to labour ſo much more than ſhe would do without them. The dead ſoldier was committed to the waves; and as Orlando, with glazed eyes, ſaw him depoſited in his watery grave, and recollected all the horrors of the preceding night, he again involuntarily enquired of himſelf, whether ſuch things were to be accounted the diſpenſations of Heaven—or, if they were the works of man, why they were permitted? The terrible idea that Iſabella had periſhed in that ſhip he ſaw ſink ſtill haunted him, and redoubled by imaginary ſorrow all that he ſaw or ſuffered. The poor fellows who had been taken up were ſo terribly bruiſed, and had ſwallowed ſo much water, that they were not yet ſenſible. As ſoon as they were, however, Orlando eagerly queſtioned them as to the

females

females whom he had, through the obſcurity of the dark and daſhing waves, diſcovered on the deck; and he learned, to increaſe his miſery, that one of them was a young lady, whoſe huſband was an officer of foot, and who was himſelf either in the fleet, or coming with the next convoy. The ſailor who gave him this information knew not which, nor did he know the lady's name, or to what regiment her huſband belonged. The other women, he ſaid, were, one of them the lady's ſervant, and the other the wife of a ſergeant in Orlando's regiment; which ſeemed to add to the probability that the young perſon who had periſhed was Iſabella. There hardly needed this ſad conjecture to add to the deſpondency which, in deſpite of all his ſteady courage, now took poſſeſſion of Orlando—deſpondency which he found it extremely difficult to conceal. Strong as his conſtitution was, it yielded, at length, to the united power of malignant infection, uneaſineſs, and fatigue; and when, after beating about

above ten days, the veſſel at length reached the harbour of New York, he was taken on ſhore in a ſtate of inſenſibility, from the fever which had attacked him; and his friend, the old lieutenant, ſaw him accommodated as well as the circumſtances the place was under would admit; and, feeling for him the affection of a father, ſhed over the blaſted hopes of a youth ſo promiſing tears which his own misfortunes had never extorted from him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

BY the care of this excellent man, aided by the medical ſkill of the ſurgeon of the regiment, Orlando in about a fortnight aroſe as it were from the grave. His ſenſes returned long before his ſtrength, and with them all the ſad recollection of his diſaſtrous voyage:—almoſt the firſt uſe he made of his returning reaſon, was to implore the lieutenant to enquire for Captain Warwick, of whom he found, with inexpreſſible ſorrow, that no intelligence had been received, and that he was believed by his brother officers to be in one of thoſe tranſports that had gone to the bottom. In a few days a negro ſervant enquired for Enſign Somerive, and Orlando in a moment recollected that it was Perſeus, the man who had ſerved

Warwick ſome years.—He now hoped to have heard ſome account of his ſiſter and his friend that might have quieted his extreme uneaſineſs: but the ſight of Perſeus only ſerved to increaſe it; for he learned from him that Captain Warwick arrived at Portſmouth the evening the firſt tranſports ſailed, and that, by his intereſt with the captain of the frigate in which the negro embarked, and ſome perſons ſtill higher in power, that ſhip was delayed for ſome days, at the end of which Warwick promiſed to appear; but as he did not, nor even at the end of ſome hours longer than the time he required, the captain would have incurred too great a riſk by waiting longer; and therefore got under weigh with ſo ſtrong and favourable a wind, that they overtook the reſt of the fleet two days before they made the Pike of Teneriffe. This circumſtance, however, Perſeus ſaid, was the only one that gave him hope; for he knew his maſter, thus miſſing his paſſage, would hire a veſſel to convey him,

which would probably not only take up ſome days, but hardly ſail as they did; and therefore there was reaſon to hope that he might have eſcaped the ſtorm in which they ſuffered, and it was improbable that the lady whom Orlando had ſeen periſh, and afterwards heard was the wife of an officer of foot, was his ſiſter.

On being queſtioned farther, the negro, who was very intelligent, ſaid, that Captain Warwick had ordered him, with a great part of his baggage, on board; and that he knew his maſter expected a lady to go with him—but he knew not whom. The baggage was landed, and put into Orlando's lodging, where Perſeus deſired leave to wait upon him; and where the attention of this faithful fellow, and the hopes he gave him that Iſabella and her huſband were ſafe, contributed greatly to his recovery.

A fortnight had now elapſed ſince his landing, and no news of his ſiſter reached him, nor had he a ſingle line from England as he had been taught to expect. The

ſad ſcene at home, where he feared Iſabella's elopement had created inſupportable ſorrow, cruelly tormented him; and the image of Monimia in continual tears and hopeleſs ſolitude, purſued him inceſſantly. A thouſand times during the paroxyſms of his fever he had inſiſted upon having pen and ink to write to her and to his family; and he began many letters to his father, recommending Monimia to his protection, and apologiſing for his conduct in regard to his ſiſter; but the Lieutenant, Mr. Fleming, had never ſent any of theſe incoherent letters.--Orlando had now ſtrength of body and of mind enough to look them over; but, circumſtanced as he was about Iſabella, he now hardly knew better than he did then, what to ſay that ſhould not aggravate all the pain he lamented: ſomething, however, it was neceſſary to write, as ſhips were now daily returning to England; and not to ſend ſome intelligence of himſelf would be more diſtreſſing to his friends,

friends, than the ignorance he muſt avow as to the fate of his ſiſter.

Another idea however ſtruck him, that ſome diſcovery, or even her own fears, as the moment arrived when ſhe was to leave her father's houſe, might have prevented the departure of Iſabella from home; and that even her intention of doing ſo might be unknown.—This made him heſitate whether to name her at all; and at length he determined he would not, ſince it would be only giving to his father an exchange, but not an alleviation of uneaſineſs.

He wrote then theſe unſatisfactory letters to his family; and afterwards one to Monimia.—He gave in all of them the beſt account he could of himſelf, deſcribed his voyage as tedious and ſtormy; and ſaid, ſlightly, that he had been ill on his firſt landing; but was now recovered, and ſhould ſoon proceed to join the body of his regiment with the northern army under Burgoyne.—But ſuch was the agitation of his ſpirits while he was writing, from the lively

lively idea he had of the ſenſations his letters would give to thoſe to whom they were addreſſed, that it brought on an acceſs of fever, and he was confined for a few days: nor had he quite recovered his uſual health, when the commander of the two companies, deſpairing of ſeeing the men who were miſſing arrive, was ordered to muſter all that remained of the two companies; and, with a party of diſmounted dragoons, to find their way to the army, which was now on its march from Canada to Albany, in order to form a junction, or at leaſt open a communication between that army and New York. The whole body, thus deſtined to force its way through an enemy's country, conſiſted, including American volunteers, of about two hundred and fifty men; but they were not incumbered with artillery, and were almoſt all young men, eager for actual ſervice, and in haſte to join an army, of whoſe brilliant ſucceſs they formed the greateſt expectations.

It was on the ſixth of Auguſt that this ſmall party left New York; and now Orlando, who had hitherto been in garriſon, began to perceive all the horrors and devaſtations of war. The country, lately ſo flouriſhing, and riſing ſo rapidly into opulence, preſented nothing but the ruins of houſes, from whence their miſerable inhabitants had either been driven entirely, or murdered!—or had, of the burnt rafters and ſad relics of their former comfortable dwellings, conſtructed huts on their lands, merely becauſe they had nowhere elſe to go.—Even from theſe wretched temporary abodes they were often driven, to make way for the Engliſh ſoldiers; and their women and children expoſed to the tempeſt of the night, or, what was infinitely more dreadful, to the brutality of the military. In a war ſo protracted, and carried on with ſuch various ſucceſs, theſe ſcenes of devaſtation had occurred ſo often, that the country appeared almoſt depopulated, or the few ſtragglers, who yet lingered round the places

places moſt eagerly contended for, had been habituated to ſuffer till they had almoſt loſt the ſemblance of humanity. The party had now marched about ſeventy miles; and as they carried their proviſions with them, which it was not poſſible to do in a great quantity, it became neceſſary for them to encamp, and ſend out foraging parties to obtain a ſupply before it was actually wanted. It was on the edge of one of thoſe moraſſes which are called by the natives ſavannahs, encircled on all ſides by woods, that they formed this ſmall camp; where the Colonel, to whom the conduct of this expedition was entruſted, fortified it as well as ſuch a ſituation would admit; but Lieutenant Fleming, whoſe attachment to Orlando a long intercourſe of mutual kindneſs had now greatly ſtrengthened, pointed out to him, in confidence, the defects of the ſtation thus choſen; and declared that if any body of American troops, or rebels as they were then called, was in the country, they muſt be ſurround-

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ed, and either compelled to ſurrender or fight their way through. It happened, however, that for many days they remained unmoleſted—ſome recruit of proviſions was obtained, and the plan of their future march ſettled. The parties who went out ſaw no enemies to oppoſe them; and Orlando had now an opportunity of obſerving this wonderful country, ſo extremely unlike England, that it appeared to him to be indeed a new world.

Every object ſeemed formed upon a larger ſcale. The rivers, more frequent than in England, were broader than the moſt boaſted of ours, even on their approach to the ſea; and the woods, larger than the oldeſt European foreſts, even thoſe that Kings have reſerved for their pleaſure in France or England, conſiſted often of trees of ſuch magnitude and beauty as muſt be ſeen before a perfect idea can be formed of them. What Orlando had often ſeen cheriſhed in Engliſh gardens as beautiful ſhrubs, here roſe into plants of ſuch majeſtic

majeſtic ſize and foliage as made the Britiſh oak poor in compariſon; and under them innumerable ſhrubs, of many of which he knew not the names, grew in profuſion. Theſe woods, however, had in many places ſuffered like the reſt of the country; and in ſome had been ſet on fire—in others the trees had been felled, as means of temporary defence.—And Orlando, whoſe early and ingenuous philanthropy had of late been often injured by a painful ſenſation of diſguſt, could not help remarking with a ſigh, that man ſeemed not only a creature born to conſume the fruits of the earth, but to wound and deform the boſom of that earth! and he found himſelf almoſt involuntarily aſſenting to ſome of the moſt gloomy aphoriſms of Rouſſeau.

But he was yet a novice; and had only of late underſtood, as well as a partial repreſentation of the cauſe by his otherwiſe candid friend Fleming would let him underſtand, the origin of the quarrel in which he had drawn his ſword.

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The ſcenes however he had already been witneſs to, were, *he* thought, not to be juſtified by *any* cauſe: but his fellow ſoldiers ſeemed to ſee them in a very different light; and to conſider the Engliſh Americans as men of an inferior ſpecies, whoſe reſiſtance to the meaſures, whatever thoſe might be, of the mother country, deſerved every puniſhment that the moſt ferocious mode of warfare could inflict; and even the brave and generally humane Fleming endeavoured to convert Orlando, whoſe ſcruples as to the juſtice of the war became greater the more he heard of its origin.—He aſſured him that a ſoldier never thought of examining into ſuch matters—"It is," ſaid he, "our buſineſs to fight; never to aſk for what—for if every man, or even every officer in the ſervice were to ſet about thinking, it is ten to one if any two of them agreed as to the merits of the cauſe. A man who takes the King's money is to do as he is bid, and never debate the matter. For my part, I have

have heard while I was in England a great deal of clamour upon the ſubject; and it has been called a war upon the people, and therefore an unpopular war.—I am no politician, nor do I deſire to enter into a diſcuſſion about taxation and repreſentation, which theſe fellows have made the ground for their reſiſtance. There is no end of the nonſenſe that may be talked in favour of their rebellion, nor the pleas of the miniſterial party. For myſelf, as I was brought up in the army, I have always cut the matter very ſhort—the ſword is my argument; and I have ſold that to my King, and therefore muſt uſe it in his ſervice, whatever and wherever it may be pointed out to me."

This way of ſettling the matter was, however, ſo far from being convincing to Orlando, that it gave him new cauſe for reflection. He had always been told, that the will of the people was the great reſort in the Britiſh Government; and that no public meaſure of magnitude and importance could

could be decided upon, but by the agreement of the Three Eſtates. Yet the preſent war, carried on againſt a part of their own body, and in direct contradiction of the rights univerſally claimed, was not only purſued at a ruinous expence, but in abſolute contradiction to the wiſhes of the people who were taxed to ſupport it. Orlando did not comprehend how this could be—he could not, however, though ſo often aſſured that it was no part of his buſineſs, help thinking about it; and an American priſoner, who was brought to their little camp by a ſcouting party juſt before it broke up, aſſiſted very much to clear up his ideas on this ſubject. He was a man in middling life, and had kept a ſtore at New York; but, having taken part with his own countrymen, had been ſent by them to Congreſs, where, being a man of ſtrong plain underſtanding, he had joined heartily in all the meaſures of reſiſtance, and afterwards gone into the field for the ſame purpoſe: but hearing that his wife, an Engliſh woman, whom

whom he paſſionately loved, and his only ſon, a boy of ſeven years old, were arrived at New York from England, whither they had gone two years before, he had obtained leave to quit his command for a ſhort time, and had ſet out alone, and in diſguiſe, in the intention of reaching the neighbourhood of New York; where, at the houſe of one of his temporiſing friends, he had appointed his wife and child to meet him—in the hope of conveying them himſelf, through a country abounding in perils, to a place of preſent ſafety.

But when he was within an hundred miles of the place he wiſhed to reach (a diſtance that in America is reckoned a trifle), he had been met by a party of Indians, whom the Britiſh commanders had lately let looſe upon the Americans; and having narrowly eſcaped being ſcalped, by promiſes, and ſome deceptions very allowable in ſuch a ſituation, he was brought by the red warriors to the ſmall camp of their allies the Engliſh, of which they had juſt

received

received intelligence. As this unfortunate American immediately diſcloſed to the commanding officer who he really was, and for what purpoſe going to New York, he was deemed of conſequence enough to be ſent thither a priſoner; and, till this could be done, he was alternately guarded by the Britiſh officers:—a circumſtance that gave Orlando an opportunity he never before had, of hearing the American party tell their own ſtory, which ſerved only to excite his pity for them, and a pity not unmixed with reſpect; while his aſtoniſhment increaſed as he conſidered the infatuation of the Britiſh Cabinet, or rather the eaſy acquieſcence of the Britiſh People.

If his concern was called forth by witneſſing the anguiſh of mind endured by his new acquaintance when he thought of his wife and child—anguiſh with which Orlando well knew how to ſympathiſe—his ſurpriſe and curioſity were not leſs awakened by the appearance of the native American auxiliaries who had been called to the aid

aid of the Engliſh. They conſiſted of a party of near forty, moſt of them young men; and headed by a celebrated veteran warrior, who was diſtinguiſhed by a name which expreſſed, in their language, "The bloody Captain!" Their ſavage appearance, and the more ſavage thirſt of blood which they avowed—that baſe avidity for plunder, with an heroic contempt of danger, pain, and death, made them altogether objects of abhorrence, mingled with ſomething like veneration: but the former ſentiment altogether predominated when Mr. Jamieſon (the priſoner) informed him, that among all the unfair advantages which the Coloniſts complained of in the manner of carrying on the war, there was none that ſeemed ſo unjuſtifiable as that of ſending forth the Indians * againſt them. And when

* "Several nations of ſavages were induced to take up arms as allies to his Britannic Majeſty. Not only the humanity, but the policy of employing them was queſtioned in Great Britain. The oppoſers of it contended, that Indians were capricious, inconſtant, and intractable;

when Orlando ſaw in the hands of the Bloody Captain eleven ſcalps, ſome of them evidently thoſe of women and children, others of very old, and conſequently defenceleſs men; many of them freſh, which he ſaid, with an air of triumph, he had taken from the enemies of the King of England

intractable; their rapacity inſatiate, and their actions cruel and barbarous. At the ſame time their ſervices were repreſented as uncertain, and that no dependence could be placed on their engagements. On the other hand, the zeal of the Britiſh *Miniſters* for reducing the revolted Colonies was ſo violent as to make them, in their exceſſive wrath, forget that their adverſaries were men. They contended that, in their circumſtances, every appearance of *lenity*, by inciting to diſobedience, and thereby increaſing the objects of puniſhment, was eventual cruelty. In their opinion, *partial ſeverity* was *general mercy;* and the only method of ſpeedily cruſhing the rebellion was to envelop its abettors in ſuch complicated diſtreſs, as, by rendering their ſituation intolerable, would make them willing to accept the proffered bleſſings of peace." Ramſay's Hiſtory of the American Revolution.—The happy effects of this barbarous policy never appeared. Of the tragical ſcenes it occaſioned, the reader, if he or ſhe delight in ſtudying

England within three weeks—the young unhardened Engliſhman ſhuddered with horror, and bluſhed for his country!

He could not help ſpeaking warmly on this ſubject to Fleming, who anſwered calmly, it was very true that arming the Indians was a very ſevere meaſure—" and their cruelty what we ourſelves," ſaid he, " ſo loudly complained of in the laſt war:—but after all, my friend, in war every advan-

circumſtances in this war redounding to the honour of Britiſh humanity, is referred to the Annual Regiſter for 1779, where an account is given of the expedition of ſixteen hundred men, among whom one fourth were Indians, the reſt Britiſh Americans in the intereſt and ſervice of Government (theſe Americans were then called Tories), to the forts Kingſton and Wilkeſborough, in the ſettlement of Wyoming on the Suſquehanna. Thoſe who have ſo loudly exclaimed againſt a whole nation ſtruggling for its freedom, on account of the events of the paſt ſummer (events terrible enough, God knows!), are entreated to recollect how much the exploits of this expedition (even as related by our own hiſtorian) exceed any thing that happened on the 10th of Auguſt, the 2d of September, or at any one period of the execrated Revolution in France—and own, that there are ſavages of all countries—even of our own!

tage is taken by both ſides; and our Government has conſidered, that if by this dreadful ſort of warfare they can the ſooner conquer the rebels and reduce them to obedience, it is in fact beſt for them *." Orlando, ſtill unable to digeſt or approve ſuch doctrine, could never hear of the ferocity with which theſe red warriors treated their priſoners, without diſguſt. With ſome of the younger among them, however, who were leſs inured to blood, he formed ſome kind of acquaintance, and learned ſome of their words. One of theſe he had diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, by remarking his more open countenance—his more gentle manners; and by hearing that he had, at the riſk of his own life, ſaved a woman from the fury of his relation the Bloody Captain, when he was on the point of

* The ſame ſort of ſophiſtry was uſed by the monſter Catharine de Medicis, to urge her ſon, the infamous Charles the Ninth, to the maſſacre of the Proteſtants in 1572.—"What pity," ſaid ſhe, "do we not ſhew in being cruel!—What cruelty would it not be to have pity!"

killing her with his tomahawk. This woman, whom they had found wandering in the woods, whither ſhe had been driven by the Britiſh troops, who had burned her little farm and killed her huſband, the young Indian, who was known by the name of the Wolf-hunter, had conducted in ſafety to a fort garriſoned by her own countrymen—again hazarding his own life to preſerve hers.

The ſecret ſympathy between generous minds ſeems to exiſt throughout the whole human kind; for this young warrior became ſoon as much attached to Orlando as his nature allowed him to be to any body; and when they left their camp, and continued their march (after having diſpatched their priſoner to New York with as ſtrong an eſcort as they could ſpare), the Wolf-hunter conſtantly marched by the ſide of his new friend; and between the little Engliſh he had picked up, and Orlando's unuſual aptneſs to learn languages, which had however been little exerciſed till now, he contrived

contrived to acquire a good deal of the cuſtoms of the Indians of North America, of which he hitherto had known but little: but in regard to their wars, the more he heard of them, the more unpardonable it ſeemed to him to be in the managers of the war at home, to authoriſe them to take up the hatchet.

After a very fatiguing march of many days, during which their Indian aſſociates were eminently uſeful to them in guiding their way through woods and moraſſes, where they were leaſt likely to meet parties of the Coloniſts ſuperior to their own, they reached the place of rendezvous, where there was a probability of their finding the army they were to join; but it had puſhed forward with ſo much celerity, that they found themſelves three days behind it: its track, however, was ſufficiently marked by ſmoking ruins—by the corn deſtroyed on the ground—and by the bodies of the dead, with whom they could not either encumber themſelves, or always ſtay to bury. The

heart of Orlando ſickened at the ſight; but he had little time for contemplation—for a ſtrong detachment of Americans, who had haraſſed the rear of the Britiſh army, were now retuning northward; and meeting this body of Britiſh, an engagement enſued, in which the Provincials were repulſed with ſome loſs—but at the expence of nine men killed and eleven wounded—among the latter was Lieutenant Fleming: his wound, however, was not dangerous, and Orlando had the ſatisfaction of ſhewing, by his unwearied attendance on him, ſome part of the gratitude he felt for his former friendſhip. But the care neceſſary to the wounded, and the difficulties that their own people, in order to prevent their being followed by the enemy, had every where thrown in the way of their march, made it ſo tedious and ſo dangerous, that they often deſpaired of effecting their purpoſe; and when they at length arrived, quite worn down with fatigue, had the mortification to find the forces they joined in a ſituation very different

ferent from what they had been taught to expect—while the main body was equally diſappointed that a ſtronger reinforcement was not ſent them from New York, and a ſupply of proviſions, of which they began to apprehend the want. At the ſame time the march of ſuch a ſmall body of men, for ſo many hundred miles, through a country every where in arms againſt them, was a matter of wonder; and in the detail of their expedition given by the commanding officer to the General, the conduct of Orlando was ſpoken of in ſuch high terms, that he was deſired to make him a compliment on the occaſion. Orlando, from his ignorance of the country, had entertained a faint hope that he might find Warwick already arrived in the northern army; but he had the mortification not only to diſcover that this hope was groundleſs, but his brother officers, who knew him beſt, were unanimouſly of opinion that he had periſhed at ſea, from Orlando's account—They were ſure, they ſaid, that nothing but ſome

ſuch diſaſter would have prevented their friend Warwick from coming back with his company; and Orlando, with increaſed anguiſh of heart, aſſented apparently to this, and forbore to ſay the reaſons he had to feel, that though this might not be exactly the truth, the abſence of Warwick was every way to him a ſubject of uneaſy conjecture and bitter regret.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THE increaſing difficulties to which the Britiſh army, under the command of General Burgoyne, were at this period expoſed, have been ſo often deſcribed, and ſo largely inſiſted upon, that they need not here be repeated. Deſerted by the Canadians and other Americans, who were diſcouraged by their perilous ſituation—in want of neceſſary proviſions, and ſeeing themſelves likely to be ſurrounded—it was determined that, if the aſſiſtance they had been taught to expect from New York did not arrive before the expiration of another fortnight, they muſt give up all hopes of defence. In the mean time, however, a movement was reſolved upon by a choſen body of fifteen hundred men, which brought on a general attack from the Americans,

who carried part of the Britiſh lines, and night only put an end to the combat, in which a great number of brave men fell, as well Engliſh as Germans. Among the ſlain was Orlando's reſpectable friend Fleming, who, though hardly recovered of his former wound, had hurried without orders to defend the lines, and was ſhot through the lungs as he was leading on his men to repulſe a party of the enemy with the bayonet.—Orlando, who was only a few paces from him, ſaw him fall; and, amid the impetuoſity of the action, he ran towards him, exhorting the men to proceed.—Fleming, as he lifted him up, knew him, and, wringing his hand, ſaid—"Go, my dear boy! don't waſte a moment upon me—I am killed! but I die contented if thoſe ſcoundrels are driven off.—If you return to England, be a friend to my poor wife—to my poor little ones!" He ſpoke theſe laſt words with extreme difficulty, as the blood choked him. Orlando ſaw his noble ſpirit depart, and haſtily ordering the

black

black ſervant (who had belonged to Warwick, and now attended on him) to carry off the body, he plunged with a degree of deſperation into the thickeſt of the battle; which laſted, however, only a few moments longer, becauſe, as it was by that time too dark to diſtinguiſh friends from foes, each party found it neceſſary to retreat. The Britiſh paſſed the reſt of the night in the melancholy employment of aſcertaining their loſs, which was very conſiderable in killed and priſoners, particularly in officers, of whom ſome that had been brought off the field were mortally wounded. Orlando, with concern that ſuperſeded every thought for himſelf, made it his firſt care to viſit the body of his gallant friend, in a ſort of lingering hope that he might yet live: but this hope was immediately at an end; and Orlando had no other comfort than in recollecting that he died glorioufly, and ſhared an honourable grave with many other brave officers who ended a career of honour in this fatal field. The interval

between this action and the removal of the Britiſh camp by night, from a ſituation no longer tenable, was ſhort, but dreadful. Fatigue and famine, great as thoſe evils were, ſeemed leſs terrible to the minds of the Engliſh, than the certainty that they muſt very ſoon ſurrender to an enemy whom they at once abhorred and contemned. The officers ſtill endeavoured to encourage their men, and keep up the ſpirits of each other—they recollected other occaſions in which armies, in a condition equally deſperate, had broken through their enemies, and conquered thoſe who hoped to have deſtroyed them: but the commander himſelf knew the fallacy of theſe hopes, and ſaw that, unleſs ſuccours arrived in a very few days, the ſurrender of his army was inevitable.

They had now, however, a meſſenger from New York, with information that three thouſand men were advancing to their aſſiſtance up Hudſon's River; but this expedition had been ſo delayed, or was,

after

after it was undertaken, ſo managed, that there appeared not the leaſt probability of their arriving in time to ſave from the neceſſity of a ſurrender the devoted army. The ſame meſſenger, however, who had with infinite difficulty made his way to the Engliſh camp from New York, brought a few letters to the Britiſh officers—and among them, Orlando, with a beating heart, and with hands ſo tremulous that he could hardly break the ſeal, opened a packet from his ſiſter Selina. It contained a ſhort letter from her, the comfortleſs purport of which, in regard to his family, was repeated in what follows from Monimia herſelf, whoſe letter Selina had incloſed:

Rayland Hall, 28th June 1777.

"Though I know it is yet impoſſible for me to hear from you, every moment now ſeems to me an age.—Alas! Orlando, how little ſatisfactory was the ſhort letter I received from Portſmouth! yet I know you could not write more, hurried as you were. You

have now been gone ſix long—long weeks, and that is only a very ſmall portion of the time you are to be abſent, though to me it ſeems already a thouſand years.

"I do not love, Orlando, to ſay much of myſelf, unleſs I could tell you any thing that would make you happy, which Heaven knows I cannot! unleſs it is merely that I am as well as ſo unhappy a being can be. It would be ſome comfort to me, if what I cannot tell you of myſelf, I could relate of your dear family: but Selina will tell you, if I do not, that your father's health is ſtill in a very precarious ſtate, and that all your friends have ſuffered greatly by Iſabella's going from them, and by their not knowing what is become of her; for though ſhe wrote to them from Portſmouth, deſiring their forgiveneſs, and informing them that ſhe had gone off to be married to Captain Warwick, and that her unconquerable averſion to General Tracy was partly the reaſon of her doing ſo; yet they have never heard that ſhe was really married,

or

or have any of Captain Warwick's friends, of whom your father has made conſtant enquiries, had any intelligence of him. It is concluded that he is gone with your ſiſter to America; but not knowing it certainly, is a continual ſource of diſtreſs both to Mr. and Mrs. Somerive; ſadly aggravated, I fear, by their hearing but too much of your brother, who is known to be living in London in great ſplendour, which it is ſaid he ſupports by gaming. Your poor mother went up with Selina about ten days ſince, in hopes of ſeeing him, and perſuading him to return to his family. Selina deſcribed the meeting to me, and half broke my heart by the deſcription. All your mother could obtain was, a ſort of half promiſe that he would come down to Weſt Wolverton in Auguſt or September, with which ſhe has endeavoured to conſole your father; and I find has kept to herſelf the greateſt part of what paſſed, and has no hope of his changing his conduct.

"The poor old General has never recovered

vered the ſhock and mortification of Iſabella's defection. He left Weſt Wolverton as ſoon afterwards as the gout allowed him to move; and, it is ſaid, has diſinherited Captain Warwick, and given his whole fortune to his brother's ſon, whoſe title I cannot now recollect—However, he does not ſeem to reſent Iſabella's deſertion of him towards the reſt of your family; for I underſtand that it was by his means your mother procured an interview with your brother; and that he was very obliging to her and Selina while they were in London. I have, though with a heavy heart, Heaven knows! rallied my dear Selina upon this; and told her, that perhaps the gallant General, who always admired her, may have an intention of transferring his affections to her; but ſhe aſſures me, and I eaſily believe it, that were he emperor of the world ſhe would not accept them.

"And now, Orlando, muſt I talk to you of your poor Monimia—Ah! it is reluctantly I do it; for I can tell you nothing but

but what will make you unhappy. Mrs. Rayland ſeems to regret your abſence very much; ſhe ſpeaks of you every day, and appears to me to be ſorry ſhe ever ſuffered you to depart. Judge, dear Orlando! whether I do not execute the little offices about her, which now ſhe will ſuffer no other perſon to do, with redoubled pleaſure, when I hear her thus ſpeaking of you like a tender mother! I wonder how I ever diſliked her, and thought her ſevere. Ah! I wiſh Mrs. Lennard had half as much kindneſs; yet has her Lady had much to diſturb her lately, and my aunt reaſon to be in good humour. Mr. Harbourne, the gentleman who has ſo long managed the buſineſs of the Rayland eſtate, is dead; and within theſe laſt ten days my aunt has prevailed upon Mrs. Rayland to replace him with a Mr. Roker, who ſhe tells me is a relation of hers, and a relation of mine, which may be; but of all the diſagreeable men I ever beheld, he is to me the moſt diſagreeable—He has, however,

however, got every thing into his hands through the influence of my aunt; and his nephew, a creature as odious as himſelf, is put into the houſe at North Park End, where Mr. Harbourne uſed to be for a month or two; which is fitting up quite in an elegant ſtyle, as to new papering, painting, &c. I hope when it is done he will be leſs at this houſe than he is now; for, at preſent, he paſſes every day here, and very often the night; though I never could obſerve that his hateful cringing manners pleaſed Mrs. Rayland, who does not know, I believe, that he has taken poſſeſſion of your room.—Oh! how different a poſſeſſor from what it ought to have! I meant, Orlando, to have ſaid as little of this diſagreeable change as I could; but my unconquerable averſion to theſe two men has betrayed me into ſaying more about them than I intended: yet I find from Selina, that your father is uneaſy at their introduction to the management of the Rayland eſtate, and ſays that Roker is a man

man of the worſt character of any attorney in the country.

"Perhaps you will impatiently exclaim, Why does Monimia talk to me about theſe attorneys when ſhe began with ſaying ſhe would mention herſelf? It is, Orlando, becauſe they have had more influence already in injuring my peace than you would ſuppoſe likely. This Roker (the nephew), were he not young enough almoſt to be her grandſon, I ſhould really fancy was a lover of my aunt Lennard's. He is a great raw-boned fright of a man, I think, with two eyes that look I know not how, but particularly horrible to me—a wide mouth, full of great teeth, that are only the more hideous for being white, becauſe his face is ſo red that, when he grins, the contraſt makes him ſeem ready to devour one; then he has a red beard, and a great buſhy head of carroty hair: but all this my aunt ſays is handſome; and that this giant-looking monſter, who is not, I think, above eight-and-twenty, is a fine manly figure. The

man

man returns, or rather earns, this her good opinion of him, by flattery ſo fulſome that really I bluſh for my aunt when I hear it; which, however, ſhe takes care I ſhall do as little as poſſible, for ſhe is almoſt always out of humour with me on ſome pretence or other when he comes into the room where I am, and generally contrives ſome excuſe to ſend me away; and before her the diſagreeable monſter affects not to notice me: but if ever I meet him by accident in the houſe, which I avoid as much as I can, he ſpeaks to me ſo impertinently that I have often been provoked to tears; indeed I am convinced he would be more inſolent if I did not threaten that I would acquaint my aunt.

"I paſs almoſt every moment of the time that Mrs. Rayland does not want me, in my own room; and you know how little I ſhould regret never leaving it, if I could there poſſeſs quiet, and read the books you left me directions to go through. But even theſe comforts are denied your poor girl!

and

and while my very ſoul ſickens to tell you how, becauſe you will in one reſpect fancy yourſelf the cauſe of it, it is neceſſary that I adhere to my promiſe, Orlando, and conceal nothing from you.

"You recollect, my dear friend, the pain we both endured, and the riſk you incurred (of which I cannot now think without trembling), in conſequence of that unlucky meeting with Sir John Belgrave.—This perſon, you know, left the country ſoon after, and went into Scotland with your brother; and I remember your telling me afterwards, that he was gone abroad for his health—Would to Heaven he had ſtaid there, that I might never have heard again a name I could never hear without terror!

"It is to-day a week ſince, Mrs. Rayland being extremely well, which ſhe had not been for ſome days before, my aunt deſired leave to go out to dinner with Mr. Roker's family, who were on a viſit at Great Wolverton, at farmer Stepney's.—She accordingly had the coach, and ſet out in great form, leaving

leaving me ſtrict orders not to quit her miſtreſs. After tea the evening was ſo warm, and Mrs. Rayland felt herſelf ſo well, that ſhe had an inclination to get into the park chair; and for Pattenſon to lead the old pony in it round the park ſlowly, that ſhe might ſee the alterations and repairs which ſhe had been perſuaded to order for the accommodation of the nephew and deputy of her new ſteward at North Park; and after ſhe was ſeated by the footman ſafely in this low carriage, which you know ſhe has not been in for almoſt two years, ſhe ſaid ſhe found it very pleaſant, and was ſure ſhe could bear to go quite up to the lodge; but, leſt ſhe ſhould be faint, ſhe ordered me to walk by the ſide of the chair with her drops. Pattenſon did all he could to perſuade her that the diſtance would be too much for her; but ſhe ſpoke to him more ſharply than ever I heard her do before—ſaying, that ſhe was the beſt judge of that; and we ſet out, the carriage being drawn only a foot pace, ſo that I found

found no difficulty in keeping up with it. As we went along, we ſaw your horſe lying under the cheſnut trees in the long walk; for it was a very hot evening, and he had gone there for ſhade. Mrs. Rayland called to me, and pointed him out to me—"Poor creature!" ſaid ſhe, "he looks melancholy, as if he miſſed his maſter; and he is quite ſolitary too in the park." Then ſpeaking to Pattenſon, ſhe aſked if he was well taken care of?—While I, with a ſigh, *could* have anſwered her remark, by ſaying—Ah, Madam! there are other beings who miſs Orlando yet more than that beloved animal, and who are more ſolitary and undone than he is.—But I affected to be at eaſe; and hope my countenance did not betray how much my heart was otherwiſe.—Indeed there was the leſs danger of this, becauſe Pattenſon's anſwer, which was very ſurly, and ſignified that ſhe had better aſk about your horſe of Jacob, with whom it was left in charge, if ſhe had any doubts about it, diverted Mrs. Rayland's attention from

from me, and fixed it upon Pattenſon, towards whom ſhe expreſſed her diſpleaſure. Indeed he has ſeemed to me for ſome time to be loſing ground in her favour. At length we reached the north lodge; and as the workmen were putting up a new door, which you know is next the high road from Carloraine Caſtle to Wolverton and other villages, and putting on a new coat of ſtucco on that ſide, Mrs. Rayland ordered Pattenſon to lead the chaiſe round thither, and ſtopped ſome moments there, while ſhe talked to the carpenter and plaſterer, who were juſt going from their work. She kindly ſaid to me—"If you are tired, Mary, ſit down at my feet and reſt yourſelf."—I aſſured her I was not; but ſhe bade me get her a glaſs of water out of the houſe, and give her a few drops, leſt ſhe ſhould find the ride too much before ſhe got home. There was not a glaſs in the houſe; ſo I ran acroſs the way to James Carter's cottage, which is, you know, about fifty yards beyond the lodge, on the oppoſite ſide. His

wife

wife went out with the water, and I followed her; when a gentleman, attended by two ſervants, rode up ſo very faſt, that his horſe almoſt trampled on me before I could croſs the road. He checked it, however, when he ſaw me, and exclaiming with a great oath—"My lovely little wood-nymph! By all that's ſacred ſhe ſhall not now eſcape me!" He then alighted from his horſe, and (as I conclude, not ſeeing Mrs. Rayland and her ſervants, who were concealed partly by the projection of the lodge on that ſide, and partly by the ſlight turning in the road) rudely ſeized me.—I ſhrieked aloud; and the woman, who was but a few paces before me, began to remonſtrate with him—I hardly knew, ſo great was my terror and confuſion, what either of them ſaid; but upon Patten-ſon's advancing with Robert, who had alſo accompanied the chaiſe, he let me go, ſaying, "You are ſtill at the Hall then; I ſhall ſee you again, for I find your gallant defender has reſigned his poſt." He ſaid

this as he mounted his horſe, and as I, almoſt ſenſeleſs, was led by Carter's wife towards Mrs. Rayland, who, hearing from her how the gentleman had behaved, expreſſed great indignation; and as he was by this time paſt her, ſhe ordered Pattenſon to follow him, and let him know that ſhe deſired to ſpeak to him. I would have prevented this if I had retained breath or recollection enough to ſpeak; but I ſat down on the foot-ſtool of the chaiſe, unable to utter a word to prevent Pattenſon's waddling away after Sir John, to whom, as there were no hopes of his overtaking him, he hollaed —Sir John ſtopped his horſe, and Pattenſon, puffing and blowing with hurry and anger, delivered, and I ſuppoſe in no very complaiſant terms, his Lady's meſſage—I did not hear it, but I diſtinguiſhed Sir John's anſwer, which was—

"Come to your Lady, good fellow? No; ſhe will excuſe me—my buſineſs is with young ladies; I have too much reſpect for the old ones to intrude upon them. My

ſervice

ſervice to the ancient gentlewoman of the Hall, good Mr. favourite butler, and tell her, if ſhe has any commands for me, ſhe muſt employ one of her pretty handmaids (*that* I ſaw juſt now, if ſhe pleaſes); and ſhe will not fail to find for her embaſſy a more favourable reception than I think it neceſſary to give your worſhip." Sir John then laughing aloud at his own wit, in which his two ſervants accompanied him, put his horſe into a gallop, and was out of ſight in an inſtant; long before Pattenſon, whom rage and indignation did not render more active, had reached Mrs. Rayland, and repeated this meſſage, not without ſome additions of his own, to his Lady. I think I never ſaw Mrs. Rayland ſo much diſturbed as at the general brutality of this rude ſtranger. I however ſoon recovered of my alarm, when I found that this very diſagreeable ſcene had ended without bringing on any converſation as to what had formerly paſſed; and I hoped and believed I ſhould hear no

more of Sir John Belgrave. Mrs. Rayland, from the agitation of ſpirits this inſult had thrown her into, was quite ill when ſhe got back to the Hall; but the next day, after ſhe had given vent to her diſpleaſure, by talking about it to my aunt Lennard, and every one who approached her, ſhe ſeemed to recover; and the buſtle that this ridiculous man had occaſioned gradually died away. It happened on Friday, and on the following Sunday I had promiſed to meet Selina, whom I had never had an opportunity of ſeeing after her return from London till now. We were equally eager to meet each other; and as I have now no difficulty in obtaining leave to walk in the park when my aunt is with her Lady, I got her permiſſion to go out on this evening, and paſſed with our deareſt Selina an hour, the moſt delightful and yet the moſt melancholy that I have known ſince your departure. Selina was afraid of being miſſed, as ſhe told me her father was never eaſy when ſhe was out of

his

his ſight; and now only ſtole out while he was aſleep after dinner. She left me therefore ſooner than either of us wiſhed; but after ſhe was gone I ſat ſome time weeping where ſhe had left me. It was the bench, Orlando, in the fir grove, by the boat-houſe, where we ſat all together when you made us promiſe to meet there, and talk of you when you ſhould be gone. All your ſiſter had told me of what paſſed in London between your mother and your brother, and of your father's dejected ſpirits and declining health, had affected me more than I can deſcribe: but after I had indulged my tears ſome time, I recollected your charge to me to keep up my ſpirits, and I endeavoured to conquer this depreſſion. The ſun was nearly ſet, and I went over the pond-head by the great caſcade, in order to go home the neareſt way. I had juſt paſſed through the high plantation, and was entering the park, when I ſaw this hateful Sir John Belgrave approaching me.—Had I met him in

the path of the plantation, it would have been impoſſible for me to have eſcaped him; but now, as the park was open before me, I ran the inſtant I obſerved him the oppoſite way. He purſued me for ſome time, intreating me to ſtop, and aſſuring me that he meant only to beg my pardon for his behaviour two days before, with a great deal of other nonſenſe; which I did not, however, hear much of, for I was almoſt in a moment within ſight of the houſe, and I ſaw him turn back. I arrived quite out of breath, and ſadly terrified, but I dared not complain. After I recovered myſelf, my greateſt concern was to think that I could never meet Selina without fearing a repetition of this diſagreeable adventure; but I had now nobody to liſten to my complaints, or to relieve me from my ſorrows. I thought the ſermon of that evening the moſt tedious and unintereſting I had ever read; and both the old ladies were certainly particularly ill humoured, my aunt more eſpecially, who was ſnappiſh

and

and peeviſh to ſuch a degree that ſhe almoſt quarrelled with Mrs. Rayland: but, as ſhe could not vent all her ſpleen on her, it fell upon me; and I went to bed in more than uſual wretchedneſs, and for the firſt time wiſhed that the younger Roker might return to the Hall—for to his having been two days abſent I imputed the irritability of my poor aunt's temper.

"Ah! Orlando, how dreary now ſeemed my own room, to which, when you were here, I uſed to retire with ſo much delight from all the diſcomforts of my lot! It was a lovely moon-light night, and yet early when I went to the turret. From the window I looked into the park, with ſenſations how different from thoſe I uſed to feel when I expected to ſee you croſs it! I was reſtleſs and wretched, and knew I could not ſleep if I went to bed; or, if I did, I feared I ſhould dream of Sir John Belgrave's purſuing me. I wiſhed for ſome book I never had read, for you have often told me that nothing ſo ſoon quieted the

mind, and led the troubled ſpirit away from its own ſad reflections, as ſome amuſing or inſtructive author; but I had none in my room but thoſe books of your own that you gave me, which I had read over and over again; and ſince this Mr. Roker has occaſionally been in poſſeſſion of your apartment next the ſtudy, and I once met him as I was going thither, I have never had the courage to venture down after the books as I uſed to do. Some of the poems however, Orlando, that you gave me, I am never, never weary of reading, though I can ſay them almoſt by heart; and therefore, when I was tired of looking at the moon, I took up that little volume of Gray, and read that beautiful ode to Adverſity which you have ſo often bade me admire; and indeed I thought, Orlando, that we, though ſuffering under its "iron ſcourge and torturing hour," were yet in a ſituation more really happy than the proſperous worthleſs Sir John Belgrave, who was able to enjoy every luxury of life, while you were wandering

dering about the world in danger and in ſorrow. Alas! theſe thoughts, however conſoling at firſt, brought on a train of others, and fears, the moſt terrible fears for your precious life aſſailed me. My fancy conjured up a thouſand horrid viſions, and dwelt on a thouſand terrible poſſibilities, till at length I found myſelf unable to bear the wretchedneſs I had thus created for myſelf, and I determined to attempt at leaſt to loſe it in ſleep; and was, from mere fatigue of ſpirits, beginning to doze, when I was ſtartled by a rap at the door at the back of the bed. I believed it to be a dream, too well recollecting that you were not there. When I liſtened a moment, and the noiſe was repeated, never, among all the terrors I have ſuffered, did I feel any alarm like this—I had not courage to ſpeak, nor to move: my firſt idea was to run into my aunt's room; but then I muſt have diſcovered to her what we have ſo anxiouſly concealed; and of which, I believe, ſhe never had the leaſt notion; for,

whatever might be her ſuſpicions of our meeting, ſhe never ſeemed to gueſs how. While I deliberated in the moſt fearful agitation what it would be beſt to do, the noiſe was made a third time, louder than before; and a voice called, in a half whiſper, Miſs! Miſs!

"For God's ſake, who is there?" cried I, haſtening to dreſs myſelf. "You cannot have any buſineſs there, whoever you are, and I will call my aunt and the ſervants."

"No, no, Miſs!" cried a man's voice aloud; "don't do that, for you will only betray yourſelf; I mean you no harm, but, on the contrary, good.—Lord, Miſs, 'tis only me; and I would not have frighted you ſo at this time o'night if I could have met you by day. I have got a letter for you."

"I now knew, by the voice, that it was Jacob, the under game-keeper; and though I trembled ſtill with fear, it was mixed with a ſenſation of joy, for I hoped the letter was

from you. "A letter!" ſaid I. "Oh, pray give it me inſtantly." Yet I recollected, as inſtantly, that it was fooliſh to open the door. The man ſaid, eagerly, "But make haſte then, Miſs, and take it."—"No," anſwered I; "leave it at the door, or put it under it; I cannot open the door, for it is nailed up."—"Ah! Miſs, Miſs!" cried the man; "it did not uſed to be nailed up when I know who was here." This ſpeech, though I know not why, increaſed again the terror which had a little ſubſided; and his manner of ſpeaking of you gave me a confuſed idea that the letter was not from you. "Where did you get the letter, Jacob?" ſaid I; "and who is it from?"—"Never mind that," replied he, "it is a letter that will pleaſe you, I can tell you."—"I will not receive it," anſwered I, "unleſs I know whom it is from."—"Pooh pooh! what a to-do is here!" ſaid the man, in a very impertinent manner—"Well then, if you are ſo ſqueamiſh all of a ſudden, I'll leave the

letter, and will come to-morrow up the ſtairs the ſame way for an anſwer."

"Jacob then ſeemed to go down; and I thought I heard him ſhut the door of the lower turret room after him; but, for the world, I could not have opened that of my room. Oh, Orlando! conſider what I muſt have ſuffered, from ſuppoſing there might be a letter lying without it; and that only a few pieces of half-decayed board were between me and the firſt intelligence I had received of you! Yet it was alſo poſſible that it might be from ſome other perſon, though I could not conjecture who ſhould write to me: but there was ſomething of impertinent aſſurance in the manner of the game-keeper that ſhocked me; and I well recollected that you once thought of our correſponding through his means, yet afterwards determined not to hazard it, and ſeemed ſorry that you had entruſted him ſo far. I will not attempt to deſcribe the ſtate of mind in which I paſſed the night. It was not, luckily for me, very long;

long; but the ſun had riſen ſome time before I could acquire courage enough to open the door, and even then I trembled. But my hopes vaniſhed, or rather were exchanged for the moſt alarming fears, the moment I ſaw that if the letter contained any news of you, it was not from yourſelf. I know not how I opened it, for I expected now nothing but tidings of deſpair; when, caſting my eyes on the name that concluded it, for I could not read the contents at that moment, I ſaw that of Sir John Berkely Belgrave; and though I inſtantly comprehended the inſult it contained, I was relieved to find that it was not written by ſome friend of yours, to tell me what you were unable to write yourſelf.

"I will not, Orlando, copy this ridiculous billet; but as I was determined neither to anſwer it, nor to give the officious Jacob any excuſe to come up the ſtairs to my room, I thought, after ſome conſideration, that the beſt thing I could do would be to

ſpeak

ſpeak to this letter-carrier, though nothing could be more diſagreeable to me, unleſs it was his coming for an anſwer. As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, I ſummoned all the courage I could, and went out to the ſtable yard, where I knew it was moſt likely I ſhould meet him. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he came eagerly towards me; and none of the other men being within hearing, he ſaid, "I hope you have got an anſwer for Sir John to give me, Miſs?"

"No," I anſwered; "I neither have an anſwer, nor ever intend to give one to ſo impertinent a letter; and I beg you, Mr. Jacob, not to diſturb me any more with meſſages ſo very improper; for, if you do, it will oblige me to complain to Mrs. Lennard."

"The fellow had the impertinence to ſay, that if I would not give him an anſwer, Sir John would come for one himſelf; but I hope and believe I ſhall hear no more of it, as it is now Thurſday, and I have had no more viſits. I have faſtened the door

as

as well as I am able, and would ſecure that below if I knew how: but it is not poſſible for me to do it myſelf; and were I to aſk any other perſon, it would put whoever it was in poſſeſſion of the ſecret which we have ſo much reaſon to regret was ever divulged.

"But do not, ever dear Orlando, be uneaſy—I am perſuaded Sir John is ſatisfied with his frolic, and that I ſhall hear no more of it; indeed I believe he has left the country; but I own I am uncomfortable at being ſo much in the power of ſuch a man as this game-keeper—However, I now leave half open the door into the paſſage that leads to my aunt's room; and, upon the leaſt alarm, I would fly to her, and rather own the truth, than ſubject myſelf to a repetition of ſuch viſits, either from this worthleſs ſervant or his employer. Do not therefore, I again entreat you, my dear friend, be uneaſy.

"What a letter have I written, Orlando! and how little pleaſure will any one ſentence

tence in it give to you! I, who would die to procure you the ſmalleſt ſatisfaction, am deſtined to be the cauſe of your unhappineſs. Sometimes I am ſo wretched when I think of this, that I wiſh we had never met, or reſiſted, in its beginning, an attachment likely to make all your days uneaſy; yet I feel that were I without this tender affection my life would be a blank, and my exiſtence not worth having.

"I will not conjure you to remember your poor Monimia! I muſt indeed end a letter which I have made ſo very long, that I am afraid Selina will not be able to ſend it in her packet. Oh! how hard it is to ſay adieu! yet my tears fall ſo faſt that it is quite time—God bleſs you, my dear, dear friend!"

Orlando, during the peruſal of this letter, was ſo entirely occupied by it, that he forgot where he was. The Hall and all its inhabitants were preſent to him; and he ſtarted up to demand inſtant ſatisfaction of Sir John Belgrave, and to chaſtiſe the mer-

cenary and inſolent ſervant, when he found himſelf, by the diſtance of many thouſand miles, deprived of all power of protecting his Monimia, under marching orders to remove he knew not whither, and cut off from all communication with her. He ſtamped about the tent in a turbulence of mind little ſhort of phrenſy—curſed with ineffectual vengeance the objects of his indignation, whom he could not reach; and was awakened from this dreadful ſtate, only by a meſſage from his Colonel that he muſt that moment attend him.—Hardly knowing what he did or ſaid, he followed the ſerjeant who brought theſe orders; and was directed, inſtead of preparing to go with the camp, to make himſelf ready, with another officer, the negro Perſeus, and three rank and file, for an expedition to New York, where it was hoped ſo ſmall a party might arrive unobſerved; and as the men were choſen who were the fitteſt for ſo perilous an exploit, Orlando was named, from the experience his commanding officer had

had in his firſt march of his patience, prudence, and reſolution. Orlando cared not whither he went or what became of him—he obeyed, as ſoon as poſſible, the orders he had received; and that night, at eleven o'clock, began his excurſion with his five companions, and croſſed Hudſon's River.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE ſmall party diſpatched on this hazardous adventure, having croſſed the river, penetrated a wood near it, where they reſted till the light of the morning ſhould afford them aſſiſtance to paſs through it. One of the ſoldiers, who had a knowledge of the country, made light of the difficulties of their undertaking; and the whole party were in ſome degree cheerful, except Orlando, who, far from attending to the perils that ſurrounded himſelf, was loſt in thinking of thoſe to which Monimia was expoſed; and in meditating ſchemes of vengeance againſt her perſecutors, which he forgot that it was impoſſible for him to accompliſh. In the midſt of an immenſe American foreſt, ſurrounded with almoſt every

every ſpecies of danger, and ſuffering, if not actual hunger, a great deficiency of nouriſhment (for the whole army had been ſome days on ſhort allowance), he felt nothing but that Monimia was liable to the inſults of Sir John Belgrave; perhaps already the victim of his infamous deſigns —an idea that ſtung him almoſt to madneſs. The painful news he had heard from his father's houſe added to the anguiſh of his ſpirit; and perhaps never was a mind more diſtracted with a variety of tormenting apprehenſions, not one of which he had the means of alleviating. As ſoon as it was light the party renewed their journey, but had not proceeded half a quarter of a mile towards the thickeſt part of the wood before the war-whoop burſt forth; and a ſhower of bullets fell among them, wounding ſome, and killing one of their ſmall party. The Indians ruſhed forward the moment the Engliſh had at random fired among the trees, and Orlando ſaw no more; a violent blow on the head

deprived

deprived him of his ſenſes, and to all appearance of his life.

When he recovered his recollection, he found himſelf lying on the ground in one of thoſe temporary huts which the Indians erect in their hunting parties. It was night, and he heard them in loud converſation near him—He found he was their priſoner, and concluded he was reſerved for thoſe horrid tortures of which he had heard ſo many terrific deſcriptions. Death appeared to him moſt deſirable; and his great hope was that he ſhould by death eſcape them—for the pain from the wound in his head was ſo exceſſive, that he doubted not but that his ſcull was fractured, and of courſe his diſſolution near.

He attempted to riſe; not with any hope of eſcape, for that was impoſſible, but with a ſort of confuſed deſire to accelerate his fate; when an Indian entered the hut with a light, in whom Orlando diſcovered his former acquaintance the Wolf-hunter.

This young ſavage approached and ſpoke kindly

kindly to him, telling him, that though his brother had killed and ſcalped the reſt of the party, he had ſaved him, and was his ſworn friend—that no harm ſhould come to him, and that the chief had promiſed him his life.

Orlando in a faint voice thanked him for his kindneſs, which he ſaid was too late, as he felt the wound in his head to be mortal. He then enquired why the Indian warriors had fallen upon a party of their allies and brethren, the ſoldiers of the king of England?

The Wolf-hunter replied, that the Engliſh had not dealt fairly with them—that they were promiſed proviſions, rum, and plunder, inſtead of which they got nothing in the Engliſh camp, but had loſt ſome of their beſt men in defending the lines; and that, the Engliſh having thus deceived them, they were no longer their allies, but were going home to their own lands, determined to plunder the ſtragglers of whatever party they might meet in their way,

way, to make themſelves amends for the loſs of time, and the heavier loſs of brave warriors that had periſhed by believing the promiſes of the great Engliſh Captain.

Orlando's generous heart bled for his comrades thus inhumanly ſacrificed; and he lamented that they, as well as himſelf, had not fallen like his friend Fleming in the field. He aſked if all the men who were with him had periſhed. His Indian friend anſwered, All but two—a white man and a negro—who had eſcaped while they were plundering the reſt.

Orlando heard this with a ſigh of deeper concern; for he knew that, unleſs theſe unfortunate men could again croſs the river and regain the camp, they would probably die in the woods of hunger and fatigue. The Wolf-hunter then enquired of Orlando, if he thought he could march with them in the morning?—To which he anſwered, he hoped ſo; but at the ſame time imagined that he ſhould long before that time be releaſed from all his ſufferings.

He

He knew, however, that to complain would not only be fruitleſs, but injure him in the opinion of his hoſt, who made light of the wound he had received; and telling Orlando he would cure it, he cut off the hair, waſhed it with rum, and then laid on it a pledget of chewed leaves. An Indian blanket was thrown over him, for his own clothes were taken away; and the young ſavage giving him a drink, ſuch as they had themſelves been merry over, of rum, water and honey, deſired him to ſleep, and in a few moments ſet him the example.

Giddy and diſturbed as was the unhappy Orlando from the effects of the blow, he now began to awaken to a ſenſe of his condition; and in believing that the injury he had received was not of ſo fatal a nature as he had on the firſt ſenſation of pain imagined, he felt infinitely more miſerable in ſuppoſing that he ſhould live in ſuch inſupportable anguiſh as his fears for Monimia and his family would inflict upon him—condemned probably as long as his life

life laſted, to drag on a wretched exiſtence among the ſavage tribes of the American wilderneſs, and cut off from all communication with his country.

In ſuch reflections on his own wretchedneſs he paſſed this miſerable night, his Indian protector ſoundly ſleeping in the ſame hut. Before the dawn of day they began to move; as the chief, or leader of the party, was anxious to eſcape, with the plunder they had already got, to the Iroquois country, from which they came. Orlando, contrary to his expectations, found he could walk; and his friend the Wolf-hunter, pleaſed with the reſolution he exerted, ſometimes aſſiſted him when he appeared on the point of failing in this rapid and difficult march, through a country known and acceſſible only to Indians. His ſhoes and ſtockings had been taken from him, and his feet bled at every ſtep: but he went on in a ſort of deſperation, hoping that the more ſevere his ſufferings were, the ſooner they would end; nor was it the leaſt of theſe, that, on the

firſt dawn of morning, he ſaw the ſcalps of his unfortunate comrades triumphantly carried by the chief of the party, whoſe title was the Wild Elk.

New ſcenes of horror awaited him on his way. As plunder was now the avowed purpoſe of this party of Iroquois, which conſiſted of near forty men, they attacked the defenceleſs villages of the Engliſh Americans, whoſe men were out with the army; and deſtroyed the women and children, or led them away to captivity infinitely worſe than death. Some few the Wolf-hunter, who was the ſecond in power, was influenced by the entreaties of Orlando to ſpare; but even theſe were, he feared, reſerved only for a more lingering and deplorable fate; and in fact many hundreds of the unhappy people, thus driven from their dwellings in the courſe of the war, periſhed by famine in the woods and gullies.

Orlando was now nearly recovered of the wound in his head, notwithſtanding ſo

rude

rude a method of cure; but, in fact, the ſkull had not been injured. The blow was given with the butt end of a muſket, and not with a tomahawk, whoſe wounds are almoſt always mortal. His friendthe Wolf-hunter had equipped him like an Indian warrior. His fine hair was cut off, all but a long lock on the crown of his head—and he was diſtinguiſhed from an Iroquois by nothing but his Engliſh complexion. In theſe circumſtances, after a long and fatiguing march of eleven days, he arrived with his protector at the camp or rendezvous of thoſe Indians who had taken up the hatchet as allies to the king of England, where they halted, and held a general council. A party, who had juſt arrived before them, brought intelligence of the convention of Saratoga, ſo fatal to the Britiſh, and their German allies: in conſequence of this, one body of the Indians returned again towards the ſeat of war, on a ſcheme of general depredation; and the other, in which was the Wolf-

hunter, who carried every where with him his Engliſh friend, went to the town of their diſtrict, with an intention of recruiting their numbers, and falling upon the back ſettlements while they were in their preſent defenceleſs ſtate.

The ground was now every where frozen; and their way ſeemed to lay over ſharpened flints—ſo impenetrable it was become. Orlando was enured to every perſonal ſuffering: but thoſe of the unhappy victims of this war—victims that every day ſeemed to multiply around him, and very few of whom he could ſave, were a continual ſource of torment to him; while, at every pauſe of theſe horrors, the fears of what might happen, perhaps had already happened at home, were even more dreadful than his actual miſeries. He found that Perſeus, Warwick's black ſervant that had attended him, was among thoſe who eſcaped from his unfortunate party: if he did not fall a victim to hunger, or failed of being deſtroyed by ſome other wandering horde

of

of ſavages, he might, as he was a ſtout man, enured to hardſhip, and of good courage, find his way to New-York, and from thence to England, where he would undoubtedly report to Mr. Somerive and his diſtracted family, that he ſaw Orlando die under the hands of an Indian. The wretchedneſs that ſuch news would inflict on his friends, on his Monimia, there was no likelihood of his being able to remove; for, in his preſent ſituation, there was no means of conveying a letter with any hope of its ever reaching the place of its deſtination. He tried to prevail on his ſavage friend to let him go with the party who were returning towards Boſton, in hopes that he might eſcape from them, and find his way alone to ſome fort either of Engliſh Americans or Engliſh: but this, for reaſons which Orlando did not altogether comprehend, the Wolf-hunter refuſed, and even expreſſed ſome reſentment that it was propoſed.

By the time they had reached the Indian

village, it was the end of November; and the winter ſet in with ſuch ſeverity that the Indians, however eager after plunder, felt but little diſpoſed to encounter its rigour. Orlando then ſaw that the dreary months between November and April he muſt be condemned to paſs among theſe barbarians, deprived of all human intercourſe, and in a kind of living death. Even if he could have forced his mind from the conſideration of his own diſaſtrous ſituation, to contemplate the wonderful variety which Nature exhibits, and to have explored theſe wild ſcenes, this reſource was denied him; for the whole country was a wide waſte of ſnow, and every thing around him ſeemed cold and hopeleſs as his own deſtiny.

The booty which the Indians had divided at their camp compriſed, among other articles, a ſmall port folio of his, a memorandum book, his pocket book, and a writing caſe: theſe had fallen to the ſhare of his friend the Wolf-hunter, who was very willing

willing to reſtore to Orlando things of ſo little uſe to himſelf. This was the only alleviation the unhappy Orlando found to his ſorrows; yet it was a melancholy one, to write letters which he could hardly expect would ever be read, to make for his father a journal of occurrences ſo mournful, and to feel, while he wrote it, that it was too probable the eye for which it was intended was cloſed for ever.

The ſufferings of Orlando were ſuch as time, the great ſoftener of moſt affliction, ſerved only to aggravate. What would he have given for even a hope of hearing from England! and how many conjectures were continually paſſing through his mind, each more diſtreſſing than another! In his dreams, he often ſaw his Monimia purſued by Sir John Belgrave entreating his protection, and he ſtarted up to chaſtiſe the inhuman perſecutor of her innocence. At other times fancy, more favourable, repreſented her as ſhe uſed to appear in the early days of their attachment—cheerful, becauſe

unconſcious of having erred—and tenderly truſting to him, even when ſhe diſcovered that their clandeſtine meetings were contrary to the ſtrict line of duty and propriety. He heard her voice—he admired her ſimple beauty, her innocent tenderneſs, the ſtrength and candour of her uncultivated underſtanding—and ſuppoſed himſelf engaged, as he uſed to be, in the delightful taſk of improving it. Dreary was the contraſt between his real ſituation and theſe ſoothing viſions; and he often preferred ſuch as gave him ſleeping torment, to ſuch as by flattering with happineſs rendered more inſupportable the deſpair which conſumed him.

Five weeks, five miſerable and dreary weeks had now crept away; when ſomething like a change of ideas was offered by the arrival of two French Canadians and a party of Indians from that country, who had travelled acroſs the ſnows and frozen lakes to the Indian village.

It was ſome comfort to the deſolate Orlando

Orlando to hear a European language; and though he could ſpeak but little French, he could read it extremely well. But with theſe men he now conſtantly converſed, and ſoon found himſelf able to ſpeak it fluently; from whence he was encouraged to hope that he might contrive to get to Quebec, and that from thence a paſſage to Europe might eaſily be obtained.—

"The miſerable have no other medicine
"But only hope"———

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

—and of this the young ſoldier of late had ſo little, that the leaſt glimpſe of more reſtored his dejected ſpirits; which, when all the evils he felt or feared are remembered, it will be acknowledged that nothing but a temper naturally ſanguine, and a conſtitution unuſually ſtrong, could have enabled him ſo long to ſupport.

On ſounding his ſavage protector, who was extremely attached to him, he found it ſeemed not very unlikely that he might go himſelf with five or ſix young warriors of

to Quebec to trade early in the ſpring, hunting or fighting on their way as occaſion might offer. His Canadian friends encouraged this plan; and Orlando ventured to promiſe a conſiderable preſent of ſpirits from the governor of Quebec, as an acknowledgment for the reſtoration of an Engliſh officer; and made many promiſes to the Wolf-hunter, of ſending him from England what ſhould give him a great ſuperiority over all his countrymen, if he would releaſe him, and promote his return to Europe. The means of conciliating this his Indian maſter, and procuring his conſent to a ſcheme that he formerly ſeemed ſo averſe to, were ſuggeſted to him by his new Canadian friends, and promiſed to be ſucceſsful.

Thus relieved by hope, the months of January, February, and March, paſſed leſs heavily. The Spring, which in America approaches not gradually as it does in England, but appears at once, ſurpriſed him by the ſudden change which it produced. The

ſnow

ſnow was gone; and, in a very few days, the whole country was covered with verdure and burſt into bloom. A thouſand birds filled the extenſive foreſts, as gay in their plumage as exquiſite in their ſong; and, whichever way Orlando looked, a new Eden ſeemed to be opening around him.

On the 20th of April 1778, Orlando, the French Canadians, and the Wolf-hunter leading a party of five-and-twenty Indian warriors, ſet out for Quebec—the Indians carrying great quantities of furs, the ſpoils of the animals they had taken during the Winter. Of theſe Orlando carried his ſhare; and now, re-animated by the ſoothing expectation of being reſtored to his country, he endeavoured to conform himſelf to the modes of his ſavage hoſts, and was indeed become almoſt as expert an hunter, in their own methods, as the moſt active among them.

They had travelled ſome hundred miles, and were within a few days journey of Quebec,

Quebec, when it was reſolved by the Wolf-hunter to encamp for ſome days, in a ſpot particularly favourable to hunting. This determination, however unpleaſing to Orlando, he knew was not to be diſputed; and, though every delay was death to him, he was compelled to ſubmit to what no remonſtrance would avert.

The camp, therefore, was formed; and if any local circumſtance could have reconciled him to the procraſtination of a journey on which all the hopes of his deliverance from this wretched and tedious captivity depended, it was the very uncommon beauty of the ſcenery amid which theſe huts were raiſed.

This was on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, at a ſpot where it was about a mile and a quarter over. The banks where they encamped were of an immenſe height, compoſed of lime-ſtone and calcined ſhells; and an area of about an hundred yards was between the edge of this precipice, which hung over the river, and a fine

a fine foreſt of trees, ſo magnificent and ſtately as to ſink the woods of Norway into inſignificance. On the oppoſite ſide of the river lay an extenſive ſavannah, alive with cattle, and coloured with ſuch a variety of ſwamp plants, that their colour, even at that diſtance, detracted ſomething from the vivid green of the new ſprung graſs: beyond this the eye was loſt in a rich and various landſcape, quite unlike any thing that European proſpects offer; and the acclivity on which the tents ſtood ſinking very ſuddenly on the left, the high cliffs there gave place to a cypreſs ſwamp, or low ground, entirely filled with theſe trees; while on the right the rocks, riſing ſuddenly and ſharply, were clothed with wood of various ſpecies; the ever-green oak, the ſcarlet oak, the tulip tree, and magnolia, ſeemed bound together by feſtoons of flowers, ſome reſembling the convolvuluſes of our gardens, and others the various ſorts of clematis, with vignenias, and the Virginian creeper; ſome of theſe

already in bloom, others only in the firſt tender foliage of ſpring: beneath theſe fragrant wreaths that wound about the trees, tufts of rhododendron and azalea, of andromedas and calmias, grew in the moſt luxuriant beauty; and ſtrawberries already ripening, or even ripe, peeped forth among the rich vegetation of graſs and flowers. On this ſide all was cheerful and lovely—on the other mournful and gloomy: the latter ſuited better with the diſpoſition Orlando was in; and he reared his little hut on that ſide next the cypreſs ſwamp, and under the covert of the dark fir trees that waved over it. They had been here three days, when, with the uſual capriciouſneſs of his country, the Wolf-hunter determined to recommence their journey—a circumſtance that gave Orlando ſome ſatisfaction; and he went to his couch of bear-ſkin with more diſpoſition to ſleep than he had felt for ſome time, and, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, ſoon ſunk to

repoſe; and his dreams were of his Monimia, ſoothing and conſolatory.

There is in America a night hawk *, whoſe cry is believed by the Indians always to portend ſome evil to thoſe who hear it. In war, they affirm that if a chief falls, the funereal cry of this bird announces it to his diſtant ſurvivors. Ignorance, the mother of ſuperſtition, has ſo deeply impreſſed this on the minds of the Indians, that it is an article of their faith, and Orlando had ſeen ſome of the moſt courageous and fierce among them depreſſed and diſcouraged by hearing the ſhriek of this bird of woe near their tents.

From the moſt delicious dream of Rayland Hall, and of Monimia given to him by the united conſent of Mrs. Rayland and his father, he was ſuddenly awakened by the loud ſhriek of this meſſenger of ſuppoſed

* Suppoſed to be the Caprimulgus Americanus: the bird that is called by the Anglo-Americans "Whip poor Will," becauſe his notes or cry ſeem to expreſs thoſe words.

ill tidings; piercing, and often repeated, it was echoed back from the woods; and Orlando, once rouſed to a compariſon between his viſionary and his real ſituation, was alive to the keeneſt ſenſations of ſorrow. The hateful noiſe ſtill continued, and he went out of his tent, for he knew any farther attempt to ſleep would be vain—Alas! the turrets of Rayland Hall were no longer painted on his imagination—inſtead of them he looked perpendicularly down on a hollow, where the dark knots of cypreſs ſeemed, by the dim light of early morning, which threatened ſtorms, to repreſent groups of ſupernatural beings in funereal habits; and over them he ſaw, ſlowly ſailing amid the miſt that aroſe from the ſwamp, two or three of the birds which had ſo diſturbed him. Great volumes of heavy fog ſeemed to be rolling from the river, and the ſun appeared red and lurid through the heavy atmoſphere. Orlando endeavoured to ſhake off the uncomfortable ſenſations, which, in deſpite of his reaſon, hung about him; but

he rather indulged than checked them, in throwing upon paper the following

SONNET.

ILL omen'd bird! whoſe cries portentous float
O'er yon ſavannah with the mournful wind,
While as the Indian hears your piercing note
Dark dread of future evil fills his mind—
Wherefore with early lamentations break
The dear deluſive viſions of repoſe?
Why, from ſo ſhort felicity awake
My wounded ſenſes to ſubſtantial woes?
O'er my ſick ſoul, thus rous'd from tranſient reſt
Pale Superſtition ſheds her influence drear,
And to my ſhuddering fancy would ſuggeſt,
Thou com'ſt to ſpeak of every woe I fear—
But aid me, Heaven! my real ills to bear,
Nor let my ſpirit yield to phantoms of deſpair.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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